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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

(Concluded from last week.)

[We resume our report of the meeting held at the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday morning, May 6th, Mr. GARRISON, President of the Society, in the chair. The meeting, it will be remembered, had been addressed by WILLIAM WELLS BROWN and Rev. R. M. HATFIELD. The next speaker introduced was THEODORE TILTON.]

Speech of Theodore Tilton.

GOOD friends, we have just this moment come to the most interesting period of the meeting—the taking up of the collection (laughter). I am asked by the President, in the name of the Society, to hold out the palm of my hand, that you may drop something into it. This Society is no beggar, and I make no appeal; only many a good cause goes on faster with the wheel of a silver dollar under it. I remember that it was said that once Leigh Richmond looked into the faces of working men, and, disdaining to make an appeal to their liberality, they returned him a collection of pennies that filled a peach basket. Now, if you belong to the working-class of the anti-slavery movement, I hope that when the plates go round, you will send them back so filled, and if you have not the copper to fill up with, you may put in silver and gold (laughter). I will tell you what I propose to do. There is a hat. It is the hat of a good Christian—you can tell it by its broad brim (laughter). This hat covers the venerable head of an old man who has helped two thousand fugitive slaves from bondage to freedom. [MANY VOICES—"Give us his name?"] Friends, your children and grandchildren will have no need to ask his name—FATHER GARRETT, of Wilmington, Delaware (loud applause). Now, all the speech I am going to make is just this—I propose to pass round among the audience Father Garrett's hat; and do you see that you fill it as full as Leigh Richmond's basket.

Speech of Rev. Robert M. Hatfield.

While the hat was passed round, the speaking was continued, the President introducing Rev. ROBERT M. HATFIELD, of Brooklyn, who spoke as follows:

I am always sorry when a public speaker begins with an apology, and I have none to make; I have one or two words of explanation, only. I came here with no speech; with no preparation, with no expectation of saying anything at this time. I was asked, a year ago, to attend the Anniversary of this Society; no matter why I had not been asked before; no matter whether I should have accepted the invitation if it had come five or seven years ago; I did accept it last year, but after the appointment was made, I had no opportunity of filling it. The same friends sent me an invitation, several weeks ago, to be here today and make a speech, and I very positively, and, as I thought, reasonably, declined to do it; and I will tell you why, sir. I had been for the last year—for full twelve months—so out of tune with many of my anti-slavery friends, that I really feared that, coming here, I should chill your ardor, rather than inspire you. I was afraid that I should be a kind of croaker among you, dispiriting those men who ought to march on side by side, full of hope for the victory that, as you tell us, you are about to win. I have not been able to take that hopeful view of affairs, nor do I this morning. Though Yorktown is evacuated; though the General leading our armies declares that he is about to "drive the rebels to the wall," I have not been able to sympathize heartily with those hopeful views that so many of our good anti-slavery friends take of the present position of affairs. I am willing, however, to stand up here, and I am glad of the opportunity, and express my honest and thorough conviction that this trouble that is upon us now is God's direct judgment on this nation for the sin of slavery (applause); and I am here to affirm, sir, that whatever differences we may have on other subjects, or with regard to the treatment of this subject, no reasonable man, who has faith in God, has any right to be surprised that we are involved in the present disasters and calamities, that threaten to swallow us up. There has been great danger that, in Church and State, among all classes of people, we should forget that divinely-enunciated truth—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." For three-quarters of a century, we have been sowing seed of a certain kind; it has taken root; it has sprung up; the harvest waves before us to-day; and there is no release, there is no escape—the sickle must be thrust in, the grain must be gathered. It is that terrible harvest—a harvest of carnage and blood and desolation—that waves before us to-day.

Now, sir, I have hoped, and do hope, that God, out of this confusion and disorder, out of these scenes of strife and bloodshed, will evolve peace, harmony, justice, beauty and order. I do not despair of the Republic; but yet, my hopes are mingled with many fears. I have had sad and terrible apprehensions lest there should not be enough of virtue, enough of regard for God and love of humanity, to save the nation. We are on God's threshing-floor to-day; we are under the flail. We are in the mortar, and are being pounded; whether it shall be for our purification and salvation, God alone knows; at least, I have no power to lift the veil and look in upon the things that are to be in the future. What right have we to be surprised, any of us, at the trouble, at the calamities, that have overtaken us? Have we not been taught, does it not lie at the very foundation of our belief in the existence of God, that He is a God that doeth justice?—that, sitting upon the throne of His glory, He looks down upon the earth, to raise up the down-trodden, to help the poor and the friendless, to save the outcast, and to punish and destroy the oppressor and wrong-doer? And we have been in great danger, as a nation, of lapsing into Atheism; of coming to doubt whether God really lives and rules—whether He sways the sceptre of power over His creatures. Men have come to question whether it is not possible for a nation to sow to injustice and dishonor and corruption, and yet reap prosperity and permanent well-being; and, sir, though I believe that God's hand has been in the history of our nation—though I believe our ancestors were guided by that hand—though it seems to me that a special Providence watched over them, and guided them to the land where they first planted themselves—though I believe that that Providence has been manifested every year of our history, I do believe that it is of so much consequence to the nations of the earth that all men should believe that God is a God of unchanging justice, that "from everlasting to everlasting, He is the Holy One," that He would sooner this nation were blotted out of existence, than that we should be the cause of scepticism among the nations in regard to that truth.

Now, sir, is there any truth more self-evident than this—that the system of American slavery is in all time, and through all changes, "the sum of all villanies"? Has the heart of man conceived of anything more dishonoring to God, more essentially unjust and injurious to man, than the system that transmutes the bodies and souls of millions of human beings into chattels, and declares that they shall be taken, held and adjudged to be personal property, to all intents and purposes whatsoever? We have heard apologies for this system and vindications of it, and pleas drawn from perversions of God's Word, with the view of reconciling the nation to its continued existence, and to its general, to its universal diffusion; and there was imminent danger, as it seemed to some of us, that the nation would accept this state of things, and come to believe that God really connived at iniquity, that He consented that human slavery should be perpetual; and so I say, that, though the nation suffer to the last extremity, even though it must perish with the system, there must come an end to this monster abomination.

I do not know much about the questions that are discussed here and elsewhere pertaining to the character of the Constitution—whether it is pro-slavery or anti-slavery. I am not very clear in my convictions, and I have not very great confidence in my judgment, with regard to questions of that sort; and, to tell the honest truth, I do not care much about it, one way or the other. If injustice is in the Constitution, God is against it, and every one of His attributes (applause). Men cannot build any sanctuary for wrong; cannot make any holy of holies for injustice. Call it law, call it the Church, call it the Constitution, call it what you will, where injustice is to be safe, God's hand will search it out, God's hand will bring it down. So, I say, I have not felt any great interest in the discussion of these questions, I have not had great confidence in my conclusions with regard to them; but, sir, I should despise and loathe myself, I should hate my scoundrel heart to its very centre, if I ever had a single moment of questioning or hesitancy in regard to the infernal wickedness of slavery (loud applause). The man who has a man's heart, the man who has learned to love his own mother, the man who has a wife and children of his own, and who can look in their faces, and then require thirty seconds to determine whether it is right for somebody else to own and possess them, does not deserve the name of a man, much less of a Christian (loud applause).

I do not know, sir, what our government is going to do with this question. I have great confidence in Uncle Abe—I think he is an honest man (applause). I think he means to go just as fast and far as he can consistently with his views of his obligations—obligations that he has recognized by his oath. I wish he was in the way of going faster (applause). I wish the way might be opened before him to take a little longer strides and be a little quicker in his motions; yet, God bless Uncle Abe!—I believe he is sound in the heart (loud applause). He has done a good many things for which I thank him; and, as far as I can see, there has been but one sad, almost irreparable, mistake in this war. There has been just one fact, sir, that has given me trouble, and has inclined me to sit down alone and shut my mouth, and keep my tongue still, until I see what God is going to do in this affair, and how it is coming out. I refer to that strange and unfortunate interference with Fremont's proclamation in Missouri (applause).

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Very much in the history of every individual and of every nation depends upon the right improvement of those salient points in their history; and it has seemed to me, almost as distinctly as if God's voice had spoken to us from heaven, that that proclamation of the "Pathfinder" was the right thing, and at the right time (prolonged applause). And, sir, if anything were wanting to confirm me in this opinion, it would be found in the fact, that, strangely, unaccountably, the people of this country, of almost all classes, responded to that proclamation. I refer to the papers, as the exponents of the popular sentiment. I do not read them all, but some of them I do read. Some of them I can hardly stand. I do not read the New York *Observer*, and don't know what *The Observer* may have said of Fremont's proclamation. *The Herald*, too, is rather hard meat for me, but *The Herald*, I believe, did endorse Fremont's proclamation. There were no party lines, no party distinctions, in the commendations of that proclamation. The Democratic and Republican, the anti-slavery and pro-slavery presses, with strange and almost unaccountable unanimity, said of that proclamation—"It is timely; it is the voice of God to the nation"; and, sir, if it could have been allowed to work its way and bring forth its legitimate results, I cannot resist the conviction that, to-day, the whole aspect of our national affairs would have been changed. The bud was nipped as it was about unfolding. The stream that was gushing out of the fountain was dammed up, turned back, and turned aside. God forgive the men who made that mistake! I believe the President was conscientious in what he did, but it seems to me the one almost irreparable blunder of the war, and I shall be devoutly thankful to God when anything occurs by which that mistake can be corrected.

I say, I do not know about the result of this war. It seems to me that there is a Higher Power who has it under control and under direction. I believe that we are approaching the end of American slavery. I believe that the time hastens, that it draws on apace, when liberty shall be proclaimed to all the inhabitants of this land; and I know that, if we have the wisdom to accept it, to accept it thankfully, and to be workers together with God, beneficent results alone can come to the nation. But, sir, there are things which make a man sad when he hears or reads them. The discussion of the question, "What shall be done with the emancipated slaves?" and the declaration made again and again by men in high position at Washington and elsewhere, that they will have nothing to do with any scheme for emancipation that does not provide for the expatriation of the liberated slaves, is enough to sadden any man. I ask, not in the name of the black man, but in the name of the white man, I ask in the name of a God of justice, what business have you to banish four millions of people from this country? (Applause.) What, I ask, have the slaves of the South or the free colored men of the North ever done, that we should sit down even to the consideration of this question? Where shall we send them, or what shall we do with them? We might as well sit down and consider this question—What shall we do with all the Methodists or Congregationalists in this country? Or, what shall we do with all the men who dye their whiskers in this country? Or, what shall we do with all the men who have sandy hair in this country, or who wear false teeth? At the very commencement of this matter, at its very inception, we are estopped by the fact, that it is an abominable, a God-insulting and Heaven-defying question of injustice which we are proposing to consider (applause).

Mr. President, there are a great many things about which I am in doubt, but I thank God that among the uncertainties and fluctuations of this world, there are a few things that are sure. I am not so certain about a good many things as I was twenty years ago. I could speak with a great deal more emphasis upon some subjects twenty years ago than I can now. I could preach then with great satisfaction to myself upon some matters that, upon the whole, I do not care about discussing now. But there are a few things that come to be more and more verities to a man the longer he lives, and one of these convictions, to my mind is, that it is always safe to do right (applause). Sir, it is the right of every colored father, of every colored mother, to own their own children; it is the right of every man, without regard to his color, to have a fair chance in this world, to use the hands, and tongue, and head that God has given him, and make the most of them. It is right that these people who have been trodden under foot and ground under the iron heel of oppression should have that heel taken off, and that we should give to them a brother's hand and a brother's welcome—that we should do what we can toward removing the burden that has been heaped upon them—that they be permitted to go out with us into the same broad field, to labor under the eye of the Great Master, and receive a reward from Him, even as we do, if we are faithful. And, sir, if the nation would come to that conclusion, and would do right, God in His providence will attend to these other matters. What, shall we banish four million of people, needed in the country—needed in every view of the subject—most important to the whole nation, every quarter and corner of it? Why, sir, if we seriously undertake to do that, as the Lord God liveth, what we suffer now is but a drop before the pelting storm that is to come down upon this people. As the Lord lives and reigns, if, in addition to all our other sins, this nation shall deliberately proclaim this hard alternative to the bondman, to clank his chains and lie down and smart and bleed under the lash of the task-master, or tear himself away from the land of his birth and consent to be carried to a strange land—if, I say, we shall proclaim this alternative, God will adjust this matter between us and our colored friends; and I say again, the fact that such a question can be debated, that it can be considered in the high counsels of the nation, gives me serious apprehension.

But I am keeping you from a treat from which you ought not to be detained, and I am going to stop. I have one thought to which I cling—it is an anchor to me—whether we get news of success or defeat, whether things go prosperously or adversely with us. It is this. Frederick Douglass was once making a speech—and such a speech as few men in this country could make—in which he said, "Friends, there is nothing left for us, there is no hope for us, but in our own good right arms, and we must grasp the sword and wield it, and be free, because we determine that we will be. We must show that we deserve liberty by achieving it. There is no other power in heaven or on earth to give it to us." There was an old colored woman sitting somewhere in the audience—a quaint old woman, Sojourner Truth, I have no doubt many of you know her—and when he said that, she lifted up her thin, squeaking voice, and said, "Frederick! is God dead?" (Applause.) God is not dead; and because He is not, because His wisdom is higher than ours, I have faith and hope in Him (loud applause).

THE PRESIDENT—I wish to express the gratification with which I have listened to the speech of our friend who has just sat down—a gratification that has been shared, I am sure, by the entire audience. It is true, as he said, that he was invited to address this meeting, and wrote us a respectful letter declining to do so, on the ground that he did not feel exactly in the right mood, in view of the present state of things in the country. But, being here, he has given us a spontaneous speech, and having done so admirably well without premeditation, I shall bargain for his coming again, thoroughly prepared; and I know you will particularly desire to hear him on that occasion; for "if such things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" (Applause.)

Mr. JOHNSON then gave notice of the other meetings of the Society, for the afternoon and evening, after which the PRESIDENT said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Our friend, Mr. PHILLIPS, has recently been to Washington, as you generally know. He there met with a very honorable and flattering reception; but I hold that the reception he met afterwards, at Cincinnati, was still more honorable and more flattering as a testimony to his fidelity to the cause of human liberty (applause); for he may suspect some slight error of judgment, some degree of partiality, on the part of those who are his friends; but when cut-throats and ruffians, and all the myrmidons of slavery conspire as one man, and come out in mobocratic array, with brickbats and rotten eggs, to put him down and prevent free speech, they give him a crown of glory—no man can desire a brighter one. Wendell Phillips will now address you.

Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq.

Mr. PHILLIPS was received with loud and prolonged applause. When quiet was restored, he spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I was delighted to hear the remarks of our friend from Brooklyn. I sympathize, to a great extent, with some of his views. But, at the same time, I have not sympathized for the last twelve months, and I cannot now, with his anxiety in relation to the fate of slavery itself. My faith is firm—no lack on the part of men, no seeming change in the course of events, can alter it—that the events of the last twelve months have, in the essential sense of the word, abolished the system of slavery in this country. I do not believe that it can survive many years. I do not mean that it is dead to-day, or that it will die to-morrow. I do not mean that it may not give us great trouble yet. What I mean is this, that in a national point of view, five years, or ten, are nothing. When you stand at the sources of the Mississippi, you can anticipate the Gulf. What I believe is this: we have opened in our national history the chapter which is to record the freedom of every man under the stars and stripes. Abraham Lincoln may not wish it—he cannot prevent it; the nation may not will it, but the nation can never prevent it. God has launched us on an ocean in which the great laws of gravity which govern human affairs must govern our course, no pilot of our own selection. I believe, therefore, that we are not here to discuss to-day, specifically, the abolition of slavery; that is a settled, foregone conclusion. I do not care what men want or wish; the negro is the pebble in the cog-wheel, and the machine cannot go on until you get him out. The problem which God forces on this nation is to eliminate slavery from among its institutions, and after that, to deal with the dregs which such a system inevitably leaves. My reason for this faith is based upon three or four facts. In the first place, I take note of events from the influence which I see they have on the institutions of the country. For the first time in our history for seventy years, the government, as a corporation, has spoken anti-slavery words and done anti-slavery deeds. It is a momentous alteration in the heart that governs the government. I allude to that fact, not because I care for the state of mind of Mr. Lincoln or the Cabinet specifically; I view them as mile-stones, showing how far the great nation's opinion has travelled. For instance, ever since 1791, we have had a Fugitive Slave bill; we have had the civil arm of the government pledged to the restoration of fugitives. Daniel Webster said, "It is the cement of the Union; it is the test of the loyalty of the North." To-day the government at Washington, by an article of war, forbids the army to execute the Fugitive Slave bill. The army, for the present, is the government of the United States. Civil law is suspended. The government acts militarily, soldier-wise, no other, for the present; and this government, so acting, exclusively in that function, suspends the Fugitive Slave bill. Is not that a significant proof of the state of the public mind? When could that have been achieved before? Then, again, Mr. Lincoln turns to the Border States and says: "Gentlemen, I am ready to buy; I know the state of the country; if you want to sell your slaves, now is the time to trade; if you wait a year, and the swift current of our political Niagara sweeps the system from beneath you, without compensation, never say I did not give you fair warning." He then goes on to say: "Gentlemen, I am trying cannon to put down this rebellion; it may not succeed. There are other efficient means; one is the abolition of slavery. If I find cannon do not succeed, I shall use other efficient means." In other words: "If you are ready to sell, I am ready to buy, but if you won't sell, I have the right to take" (applause). When, since '89, has President or statesman ventured such a position? In both Houses of Congress, the Republican party, holding the majority, profess the creed that the government has a right to abolish the slave-system by confiscation, and they have been spending many weeks in deciding—what? Not whether they have the right, but whether they will exercise the right—whether they will use the power. If, ten years ago, if, one year ago, the American people, or the Abolitionists, could have promised this, that in twelve months the majority, or its leading men, should be converted to the doctrine of John Quincy Adams on the war power, would you not have called that progress enough?

Again, look into the Border States. In Missouri and in Maryland, the question is opened—sides are beginning to be taken, great parties to be marshalled—whether the State shall abolish the institution or not. What is the significance of that fact? You have moved Boston down to Baltimore. You have located the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in the street through which passed the 5th Regiment of Massachusetts and consecrated it with its blood on the 19th day of April (applause). You have projected New England, with its anti-slavery discussion, full into Missouri and Maryland. Is not that progress? Does it not show that the "beginning of the end" is come?

But you go a little further, and for the first time, the dome of the Capitol rests on Liberty, without a chain (loud applause). Certainly, when these things happen, men are beginning to recognize the manhood of the negro. But as if this was not enough to encourage the sublime devotion of nineteen million of people, to-day the two departments of war and the navy say to the slave, of whom the question has hitherto been whether he would work, whether America could afford to recognize him as a drudge, whether we could give him a spade, and let him own it—to him, the departments of war and the navy say to-day—"Take a musket, and own it!" (Applause.) The nation which enrols and arms a black man, touches the point of liberty for every man that shares his color.

My friend (Rev. Mr. HATFIELD) regrets, as I do, the great mistake, I think, made by the government when they neutralized the proclamation of John C. Fremont. Could they have permitted that proclamation to stand, unpledged to it, as the Cabinet was, public opinion would have crystalized round it, Mr. Lincoln would have been able to rely confidently on the manifested public opinion which sustained and endorsed that act of a Major-General, and on the sure ground of such a conclusion, the government could have advanced, in ninety days, directly to universal emancipation. I think it was a great point lost. There have been several points lost. If, when Mr. Jefferson Davis first issued his letters of marque, and endeavored to cover the ocean with privateers, the President had said, "If you touch our property, we take yours," the great commercial metropolis of the nation would have said "amen," and the country would have followed. The government might then have inaugurated emancipation. But notwithstanding these mistakes, there is very little loss. This question is so much deeper and higher than men, that our mistakes are but scratches on the surface. My friend mistakes only thus much: Abraham Lincoln simply rules; John C. Fremont governs (loud applause). Judged by the pulses and opinions of the people, the real President of the American mind does not live in the White House; he leads the Mountain Department of Virginia, and history will regard the realities, and not the appearances, of the present day. The reality is, that although the votes of '56 omitted Fremont, and although the caucusses of '60 omitted him, the people buried him in their hearts, and reproduced him, when the emergencies of the nation required it, on the prairies of Missouri, and elected him President of the crisis (loud applause). That proclamation was not lost. Oh, no; that is the wrong word. The beautiful rivulet which disappeared in Greece, according to the classic legend, reappeared in Sicily. The proclamation that [illegible] down in Missouri comes up again in the Carolinas, with Hunter's name at the end (prolonged applause). Over the President or through him, the great normal purpose, the blind instinct of the American Samson gropes its way to the upholdings of the foul temple of slavery, and in the end, it will drag it down to ruin, no matter who says it nay (applause).

I believe that the heart of the American people is set on the abolition of slavery; and I believe the heart of the American people will accomplish its purpose—if not through the Administration, then over it, and in due time. I wish it could be hastened; I wish it could be more intelligently led; but we must take the nation as we find it. It is wonderful that we find it so well prepared as it is. Why, only look! What has produced this effect? What gave us that sublime uprising of the year 1861? Certainly not the Church. As THEODORE PARKER said, six years ago, to-day, at the Anniversary of this very Society: "If the American Church had dropped through the continent to the other side, forty years ago, the anti-slavery enterprise would have been further ahead than it is now." He spoke the truth. And what was true of the Church was true of the State. The same indifference, the same hostility, the same contempt, informed the mind of the State as of the Church. I can remember, sixteen years ago, when FRANCIS JACKSON, representing the anti-slavery of Massachusetts, asked Abbott Lawrence, the representative of the Eastern section of the State (he was then a candidate for Representative to Congress from that section), "Sir, are you in favor of abolition in the District?" and the haughty statesman would not even condescend to answer the question—so thoroughly contemptible was the anti-slavery enterprise. There is where the State stood towards us; there is where the Church put us. Prejudice against race had locked every heart and mind against the argument of the Abolitionists. They had no appeal but to the simple conscience, the instinctive sense of right of the masses of the people. We have been blamed, again and again, as agitators, because we did no reverence to the established institutions of the country—its wealth, learning, parties, Churches—but laid the reins of this momentous enterprise on the necks of the uneducated masses. We had nowhere else to lay them; and God gave us the instrument by which the heart of the masses could be reached. There is an old play called "The Devil is an Ass." It is a good motto. He always is. When he framed the United States Constitution, he put the Fugitive Slave clause into it; and that Fugitive Slave clause, in my apprehension, has been the weightiest and strongest weapon which the Abolitionist has had to produce this uprising of 1861, on the part of the people. Let me tell you a story: A girl of seventeen, flying from her own father, who also, by American law, was her master, reached a village in Wisconsin. Standing in its broad street, she said to the first comers, "I appeal to all Christian men—save me!" They were two young men. They listened to her story, dared not keep her in the village, and hurried her to Milwaukee. The father, in pursuit, was so near that they hid the child beneath one of those hogsheads in which we move china. The pursuers passed by her covering half a dozen times, upon the public highway. In an interval, unobserved, the young men passed her to the next town; from thence she went to Detroit, and soon sat foot on English soil, and received the protection of Queen Victoria. She sent back a letter to the young men, telling her story. They read it, and went with it to a clergyman, and got him to draw up a pledge that they would not vote again except an abolition ticket. That year, there were two anti-slavery votes cast in that town—the first two ever cast in the State on the anti-slavery issue. The next year, there were fifteen. To-day, Republicanism holds that State in both its hands, and gives its weight in the Republican balance in the Senate and House of Representatives (applause). Four years ago, the Supreme Court of that State—the child of that little drop of rain—flung itself against Taney, and the Supreme Court, on the Fugitive Slave bill; and the first act of Edwin M. Stanton, when he was made Attorney-General under Buchanan, was to take Booth, its victim, out of an United States prison in the State of Wisconsin. That is one drop of the *sainted* influence of the Fugitive Slave bill (laughter). All over the country, it has been the same. Unheeded, unnoticed, this sympathy with man has made its way down into the obscure places of the nation; and when statesmen doubted, when Seward wrote to Dayton, and told him to tell Europe, that this was a political quarrel and not a war, and that it would be over in ninety days, and no man find his position changed by it, the nation felt its way with its right hand to the neck of the slave system, and has not unclasped its fingers yet, and never will, until it strangles the monster (loud applause).

That is my faith as to slavery. Fellow-citizens, I do not think that the lesson of this hour is what to do with the negro. It is a different question—one that holds the slave question in it, but is broader. The question is, with this slave question to decide, in the next fifteen years, is there virtue, intelligence, purpose enough in the North to absorb the barbarism of fifteen States, neutralize it, and survive, a united, free, Christian Republic? To-day, those fifteen States are barbarous. I have a letter at home—I mean to read it to-night or to-morrow—from a Bell-Everett voter in Missouri, written, ten days ago, to a Bell-Everett mercantile correspondent in Boston, in which he says, "Your armies have driven out the armies of secession from Missouri. You think you have done the work. You have not begun it. Two of my friends were shot a fortnight ago, outside of this town; three of my acquaintances badly wounded. A man entered my store last week, and shot my own clerk, at my desk. I myself, a Union man, dare not leave the streets of the city, for fear of assassination. That is the law of the County." And he says, "The question is, Can you save the unity of these States?" He means, Can you, Northerners, supply so much virtue, purpose, intelligence, as will absorb this element of barbarism, neutralize it, and leave us a nation? That is the question. The dregs of slavery, the state of society which it will leave, can we deal with it and save the nation? If the news of this morning is all correct—if we have got New Orleans, and McClellan has really scattered the secession army, I think the South has ceased to fight for slavery in the old sense; she has ceased to fight for conquest, she now fights for terms. She will keep her army of 200,000 men—she has got so many men in arms, and I do not believe she ever has had over 300,000—she will keep them in arms until the fever months, if possible, and will keep them in arms as long as there is any hope of dictating terms to the Cabinet. While that war goes on, we must keep the whole army we now have, in order to preserve the position of the government; and when that contest is over, when the question is ostensibly settled (of which I will speak in a moment), we must have an army half as large as we have now, as an army, not of conquest, but of occupation. There are six million of men at the South who have hated us for twenty years, and hate us twice as much now, because we have whipped them. Men are asking the question, Can the South fight? I do not think it a question. The question, Can the South fight? answers itself. A State as large as the South, with six million of people, with the yellow fever and typhus for its right and left hand, can fight if she will. The single question is, *Will* she fight? I answer that question, in the light of the experience of thirty years. Every Southern pulpit, every Southern political officer, has been the champion of slavery for thirty years. No Northern man could visit the smallest village of the South and repeat the Declaration of Independence without being lynched. No book could be sent there that was not expurgated. No clergyman could preach the most diluted anti-slavery gospel, that he was not shown the steamer on Monday morning, bound for the North. When Brooks struck Sumner, upon the floor of the Senate, the foulest blow known to Christendom for a century, the whole North, the whole world, except the South, said "Shame!" The whole South said "Amen!" Now, that is the country which has marshalled itself in war against us, and we have whipped it. We have beaten it in pitched battle; we have barred it from communication with the world; we have made it so infamous in the manifestation of its purpose, that Europe, more than half willing, could not stretch out its right hand of recognition to it; and the hate of thirty years is embittered by the double-distilled hate of the conquered victim. What are we to do with six million of such people? There are certain lunatics in the city of New York, and certain other lunatics in Congress, at Washington, who are proposing to the American people to cut their own throats, only they express themselves thus: They say that we should export four million of Unionists from these very States; that the only race which loves us, the only race which we can bind to us with hooks of steel, by only doing them—not justice; I would not desecrate the word. Justice! Justice to the negro would be to lay the wealth of the nation at his feet. Justice to the negro would be for the white race to put on sackcloth and ashes, and sit down at his feet, and beg pardon for the sins of six generations. Justice! It is that every white man should yield up every printed page, every college, every mansion, every convenience of civilization, bought by the blood and toil of the negro, and give them to the four million of slaves, using only what they leave. Justice! We do not begin to give the negro justice, when we only give him his own right hand. My explanation of compensation is—I compensate the master, because he is helpless, and cannot take care of himself; I let the slave go free, because he can. But the insane proposition is, that we should export the very fulcrum of the lever by which the nation is to be restored—the four million of people who are the only hope that this country ever can be one and indivisible again. My friend, Mr. Brown, said that the negro had come to us bringing important information. Yes; he has shown in every way that he recognizes the Union as indefeasibly on his side. He has countervailed the blunders and ignorance and insanity of our commanders. Sherman went to South Carolina, Northern bred, filled with the folly that the slave loves his master to death, that he could not be drawn to liberty with cart-ropes, that he would shoot any man who offered it to him, and he bolted his doors with ten locks against the black man, and cried out to the whites: "Dear, beloved brethren!" (Laughter.) Not a white man came near, and twelve thousand negroes burst in his doors (applause). The negro race has shown, from the very commencement of this quarrel, that they saw, with the instinctive sagacity of self-interest—their all at stake—that this quarrel on our part could mean nothing but liberty to them, and that the stars and stripes, although we might not know it, were written all over, by God's own hand, with emancipation, and that the fire of this convulsion would bring the letters out in living light to the conscious knowledge of this generation (loud applause). They saw them, with the eye of faith, on the banner, when it seemed to us to be written only with "Union."

Now, I say, I want these four million of people. I want them as a breakwater, an anchorage, a fulcrum, against the barbarism of the South. I want them as the ballast of the effort to make this one nation. The lesson of the past has been the success of agitation; the success of appealing to the common people to save their own institutions when their statesmen had not faith enough to believe in them. When the members of Buchanan's Cabinet stood face to face with Committees of the House of Representatives, before the 4th of March, 1861, and the Chairmen of those Committees threatened them with arrest as traitors, if they had executed their threats and hung them, the slave would have cursed their vigilance, for they would have put off this rebellion fifty years. The blood of Toucey could have saved us this rebellion. Thank God, it was not shed! For South Carolina flung down the gauntlet, and when she did it, swept fifty years from the life of the slave system. That very cannon, fired at Sumter, God's own hand forged into a thunderbolt, and gave it to Abraham Lincoln, saying—"Hurl it against the system! It shall be victory to-day, and peace forever!" (Loud applause.) But, I say, when those Cabinet officers stood face to face with the Investigating Committees, why did not the Committees publish the secrets that had been revealed to them to nineteen million of people? They had not faith to believe that there was virtue and intelligence enough in the American people to stand up against fifteen slave States; and to-day, that same statesmanlike disloyalty to the Democratic idea, that same statesmanlike want of faith in the masses, keeps them from proclaiming the righteousness of abolishing slavery. Washington is full of only one flavor—you must get rid of slavery as a necessity, to save the Union. Do you want to stir up the North? Carry in a pilgrimage the bones that have been insulted at Manassas. Do you want to concentrate the North? Publish throughout its borders that the South thinks its soldiers "mud-sills." But that is nothing but temper; nothing but the bitterness of sections; nothing but sectional hate, which is not to be relied upon. When that tax-bill comes down like an avalanche on the heads of the American people, there will be two questions about it. The Democrat will say, "Put an end to the war, anyhow! Compromise to any extent! Send Davis Minister to St. James's, give Wigfall a principality on the prairies, put Beauregard in McClellan's place (laughter)—anything to save the taxes." That is what the Democrat will say; and if the basis of Northern feeling is only hatred, I do not know how long it will prevail against the pocket. When that tax-bill comes down upon the people, the virtue and anti-slavery purpose of the North will say, "Get rid of this weight and burden of blood and money by a radical cure of the war—by making the South like the North; that is, by ridding it of slavery, and giving to it thrift, education, labor." Which way shall that hand turn? That is the question for this Society next summer. How will it use the instrument which God gives us? That is the question. Shall the virtue of the people recognize the right and wrong, or shall the people, filled with hate merely, consider whether they will not surrender to Democratic intrigue? It is a dangerous hour that we are approaching. I do not fear much from colonization. I do not think we are in any danger from that. We are none of us, as a nation, fit for the lunatic asylum, and until we are, we never shall colonize four million of workers. We shall much sooner colonize the mouths than the hands. Three hundred and forty-seven thousand slaveholders are the mouths; the four million of blacks are the hands; and it would be much cheaper to colonize the mouths than the hands. I believe in Yankee common sense, and therefore I do not fear colonization. Another thing: if the races cannot live together, it will only cost one or two million to colonize the three hundred and forty-seven thousand whites—it will cost a great deal more to colonize four million of blacks.

Then, there comes the question: Where are they to go? If we cannot bear them, where is the nation that can? If you choose to send them beyond the mountains, somewhere, in a State by themselves, are they to have the right to travel? Will Mr. Garrett Davis build a wall all round their State, and never let them look over into Kentucky? I do not believe in that method. My friend Brown mentioned that telling fact, which ought to close every Democratic mouth, that Stephen A. Douglas died twelve thousand dollars in debt to a negro of the District; but he did not mention the best feature of the fact—that that colored man knew so well how to take care of himself, that he did not lend it to Douglas until he got a mortgage (laughter and applause). The very white men who edit the papers of the District of Columbia, the very white men who are discussing the question whether the colored people can take care of themselves, are not yet so far able to take care of themselves as to pay the expenses of their own children's education; they filch, they steal, in the shape of taxes, six hundred dollars a year from the pockets of the negroes of the District in order to pay the expenses of their own schools, and when they have done it, they bar the doors of those very schools against the black man's children, and make him sustain, at his own expense, independent schools for his children. ("Shame.") And then they sit down and write articles, and print them, declaring that the colored men of the District are not able to take care of themselves, when these very editors would never have got the A, B, C, that enabled them to write the articles, if the colored men had not educated them with their money.

The devil ought to have a good memory—all liars ought to. The Democratic Young Men's Committee of this city say they are opposed to emancipation, unless the blacks are expatriated, because, otherwise, they will kill out Northern labor. How comes that, if they will not work? Garrett Davis says, that if you emancipate the slaves of the District, you will have to build a poor house as large as the Capitol to hold the paupers. Well, if they are all to be kept in a District poor-house, as big as the Capitol, how are they going to compete with Northern labor? (Applause.) Liars should have good memories. I do not believe that nineteen million of Northerners, their brains kindled to a white heat on a great financial problem, can be misled by such chaff as that. Why, it is nine hundred years behind the times. Colonize the blacks! The man that should propose to give up railroads because a man was killed on one of them last year, would be a sane man in comparison with a colonizationist. We have drifted infinitely beyond that problem. We are now engaged in a momentous struggle, whether this nation can save its own institutions. God is demanding an atonement of this generation. We have had two systems in the midst of us. One is the North—taking every child in the cradle, and giving him intellectual education; putting at the side of baby footsteps virtue and knowledge; recognizing the fact that every man's life is more secure, and every man's house more valuable, the more intelligent and industrious his neighbor is. That is the North; its right hand is industry, its left hand is knowledge. Now, the South has some four million of slaves, held by some hundred thousand active men. The slaves are mere machines; the more intelligent, the less valuable; the less intelligent, the more valuable. On the other hand, the South has five millions of poor whites. They must not be allowed to labor, for if they did, as our friend Brown explained to us, it would make the slave proud; they must not be taught, for if they were, it would make the aristocracy insecure. A friend from Alabama once said to me—"The men of our Northern Counties are on your side, if you could get at them. They labor themselves; if they hold slaves, it is but a single one. They have but one room in their houses; the slave sits at the table with them, sleeps with them, works with them. They are Free Soil Counties. If you could only get at them, they would be on your side. We don't mean you ever shall. They never hear a speech but what we make; they would not know a newspaper from a necromantic trick; their wives cannot read; their children are growing up in ignorance. The poor white trash!" The right hand of the aristocracy of slaveholders is four million of slaves; the left hand is ignorance. These institutions have attempted to cohere; they have had seventy years of trial, and the attempt has failed. Now, the question comes to us, in the shape of God's own demand for atonement. This generation, which thought it had laid up so much money—it was but to emancipate that race, to educate the other. The railroad had been going sixty miles an hour; we thought all was safe; but the axles are hot, and God stops us in this generation.

As an Abolitionist, I know that events are grinding out the freedom of the negro; but the question that troubles me is—into that grave into which slavery is entering, are freedom and free institutions to drop with it? That question is answered when you tell me how you are to get rid of it. That holds in its circumference the fate of you and me, of our nation, and free institutions. I want you, therefore, to wake up this people to two questions: First, the right that the rebellion has given us to crush out slavery, and (I am not going to stop with the question whether the negro will work or not) what we shall do with the negro. What shall we do without him, is a graver question. What shall we do with him? I am a graduate of Harvard; my friend here (Mr. TILTON) is a graduate of some other college, I suppose; on every platform, the graduates of colleges will be making speeches this week. Shall any one of us prove that those colleges graduate men able to take care of themselves one whit better than the speech of that graduate of the plantation (WM. WELLS BROWN) proves that his fellow laborers are able to take care of themselves? (Loud applause.) If any blue-eyed Saxon doubter, graduate of a New England college, still cherishes a doubt, I commend to him the task of answering that speech (renewed applause). But, beyond that question, the American people are to wake up to an understanding of the right which they now hold in their hands to abolish slavery. It is a constitutional right. People are greatly afraid—the New York *Herald* is greatly afraid—that we are not going according to the Constitution. Well, what is the Constitution? It says, "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." That is, I cannot be hung without a grand jury, a petit jury, and a sheriff. That is peace. But to-day Congress says to Frank Sigel, "Hang McCulloch!" That is grand jury, petit jury, and sheriff, all in one (laughter.) To-day, Congress says to Gen. Grant, "Take ten thousand lives at Pittsburg!" That is due process of law; that is the war power; the other was the peace power. It is equally constitutional, because it is necessary. Congress says to the government, "You shall put your hand into every man's pocket by making certain pieces of paper legal tender, and if this war continues ten years, you shall take one dollar out of every ten, from every man's pocket." It is constitutional, because it is necessary. The government says—"Go down to Charleston and fill that harbor with stones, and make the city a desert—sow it with salt if you please"—and I sometimes wish they would (applause)—and that is constitutional, because it is the war power. But the N. Y. *Herald* says, If Congress, having shot McCulloch, by due process of law, executed by a Minnie rifle—having suspended the *habeas corpus*—having taken every tenth dollar out of every man's pocket—having filled that Charleston harbor with stones, goes on shore, and with the sword cuts the supposed cobweb—it is only a supposed cobweb—that binds the negro to his master, that is unconstitutional! In other words, there is no right now, except the right of a man to his negro (laughter and applause).

But there is another principle—thank South Carolina for it! I have had a great many occasions in my life to thank South Carolina. She initiated the policy of fighting, and that kills slavery, and we are following her lead; I thank her for that. But she has done a better thing than that. She has established the principle—she and Virginia—that what the nation needs and does is law, no matter whether it is in the parchment or not. Fellow-citizens, in 1801, Jefferson wanted Louisiana—the mouth of the Mississippi. Mr. Tracy said, "You cannot have it—it is unconstitutional." "I know it," said Jefferson, "but I want it." "You cannot get it," said Adams; "it is unconstitutional." "I know that, but I want it"—and he got it; he bought it; and Illinois and Wisconsin are going down by the way of Pittsburg, and Boston joins them by the way of Ship Island, to see whether we shall keep it or not (applause). Some years after, we wanted Florida, and we bought it; Hunter is seeing about that (renewed applause). Some years later, the South said she wanted Texas, and stole it, by joint resolution, and we mean to keep it (applause). That principle of law which the South established, may we not use it for freedom, as she used it for slavery? Again, do you remember the Embargo times, when Congress declared, in time of peace, that no ship should leave New York or Boston—when bankruptcy covered your city—when grass grew in Wall street—when we turned our cows into State street—when New England was beggared, and nobody said a word about paying her a dollar of compensation—when she sent her first lawyer up to Washington to ask the Supreme Court, "Is this constitutional?" and the Supreme Court said, "Yes; anything to save the Union"; and New England sat down and starved? She commends a drop of the same comfort to Carolina to-day (applause). She says, "This despotism, which, in 1807, in order to save the Union, beggared me, and never talked of compensation, can it not take your slaves and pay you for them, in 1862?" Why, somebody asked Gen. Cass, the other day, in Detroit—"General, what may we do to save the Union?" "Anything." "May we abolish slavery?" "Abolish anything on the surface of the earth to save the nation" (applause). I think, when Cass and Adams agree, we have got the "happy medium" (laughter), and may sail fearlessly on in that constitutional line. I want the American people, therefore, to recognize the right they have to abolish slavery. I do not care for phrases. I would like to go directly up to the issue, but if you do not like that issue, it does not matter to me. I do not care about words. "Confiscation," if you like it better. I observe that the cautious, and careful, and amiable, and good-natured President, in his message to the Border States, did not speak of the "abolition" of slavery—that is Garrison's phrase; he talked of "abolishment." Well, it is no matter,

if he likes that way of spelling it better (laughter). So, if you like a Confiscation bill, let it be so. But my programme is this: We have got fifteen States under the heel of the North; they are subjugated—that is, if the news of to-day proves true—if the summer answers the winter—if McClellan really means to hurt somebody—if we have got a war, and not a quarrel—then we have subjugated the South. Now, what are we going to do with six million of people, hating us terribly? We have got to keep an army of occupation there. We must confiscate—how much? People talk of making the South pay the expenses of the war. You might as well call upon the poor-house to pay the expenses of the town (laughter). Take away their slaves, and they have not enough left to pay the expenses of the war. The question of confiscation, as a mere question of a contribution toward the expenses of the war, is not worth talking about. One month's expense of this war is more than you could get from the whole South, until the blacks, the guardians of civilization, make the land worth something (applause). But I want confiscation, for all that. We have a right to it, on the laws against treason; we have a right to it, on all historical and national grounds. We want it, in order to tempt the army to remain in the South as colonists. I want them there to aid the blacks, as the guard and the nucleus of free institutions. I do not believe in the whites of the South for the next ten years. I believe that the blacks of the South do not need an apprenticeship half so much as the whites do (laughter and applause). Honestly—I am not saying an epigrammatic thing—the slave is far more fit to be a free laborer than Jefferson Davis is to be the master of free laborers. The four million of blacks are in less need of an apprenticeship to fit them for liberty, than the six million of whites are of an apprenticeship to fit them to live where liberty is granted. That Jamaica has proved, in the history of twenty years. If you are to have a law of apprenticeship, apprentice the whites, not the blacks. Now, I go a shade beyond my friend, Mr. Brown; I shirk no difficulty; I ask nothing more for the negro than I ask for the Irishman or the German who comes to our shores. I thank the benevolent men who are laboring at Port Royal—all right!—but the blacks at the South do not need them. They are not objects of charity. They only ask this nation—"Take your yoke off our necks." They do not ask mercy; they do not ask justice—or only a homœopathic dose—the mere flavor of justice; they ask their hands—nothing more; they will accomplish books, and education, and work. They have done so in the West Indies. The white planters of Jamaica set all the wits they had (it was not much) at work to outwit the black men. They offered them a shilling a day. The blacks said, "We are worth one and sixpence." Then the whites passed three laws; one was, that they should have liberty to turn any man out of a shanty built on their land; the second was, that any man without a house was a vagabond; and the third was, that any legal vagabond might be apprenticed by any magistrate to his next neighbor, at any price he pleased. Then they thought they had got them. They turned them out of their houses, made them vagabonds, under the law, and had them apprenticed as such. But the blacks sent the laws over to the Privy Council, and in ten months they came back with the Queen's disallowance. Then the black men said, "Gentlemen, you tried to cheat us," and they went into the mountains; fifty thousand of them bought an acre apiece, supported themselves, and left the white man to go to his own ruin. When the New York *Herald* records the bankruptcy of Jamaica, and attempts to prove from it that the blacks are not capable of taking care of themselves, it only turns the fact inside out. It proves that the negro knew so well how to take care of himself, that, having been first outraged and then cheated, he would not be treated so again; and thirty years have not improved the white man's behavior sufficiently to win the negro's confidence; and until he does win it, he will be left to his fate.

In Barbadoes, the planters acted on a different policy. They said to the blacks—"Here are your wages." The result is, Barbadoes exports twice as much as she did before. The soil of Barbadoes will sell to-day in the market for one third more than the soil and the negroes together would sell for before emancipation. The white man said to the negro—"Here is my right hand; help me save the island. Help me—incompetent—never did a stroke of work in my life—don't know how to do anything—help me!" and the negro pledged him his right hand; and Barbadoes is a paradise to-day, her harbors are full of ships, and her granaries full of wheat. Look at the West Indies! The N. Y. *Herald* says the experiment in the West Indies is a failure; and this week, that eminently pious, remarkably sagacious, and inexpressibly sane print, the *Observer* (laughter), says the same thing. Let us look at it. *The Herald* says, that if you go to the West Indies, you will find the black man lying on his back, basking in the sun, looking up at the beautiful sky, and that the island is going back to barbarism. How do they draw that inference? In this way. An American goes to Kingston, sees a man standing idle on the wharf, pulls out his book, and makes a note; goes up town and sees another—makes a second note; takes a carriage and rides out to a plantation, sees two more, and makes another note; writes a letter to *The Herald*—"Bankruptcy!" Suppose I should go to Illinois, and see a dozen men lounging about at the great station-house of the Chicago and Galena Railroad, and note it down; go to the Briggs House and see a dozen more, and note that; go to Milwaukee and see a dozen more, and note that; come home and write to *The Herald*—"Illinois is bankrupt—relapsing into barbarism!" Would not an Illinois man, like Lovejoy, say to me, "Did you see the millions of bushels of wheat at Chicago? Do you know that we export twice as much breadstuffs as any other State in the Union? If you don't, go home!" So I am going to judge the West Indies. We have got twenty million of thrifty, industrious, educated Yankees—more brains in our hands than other men have in their heads. Connecticut vexes every drop of water four times over before she lets it fall into the ocean; and when all is done, how much do we export—we thrifty, pains-taking, industrious Yankees? Just seven dollars a head. Now, Jamaica, with 80,000 whites and 300,000 blacks, exports thirteen dollars a head; and if you take all the British West Indies—800,000 blacks and 150,000 whites—the blacks "lying on their backs basking in the sun,"—they export twice as much now as they did before emancipation. I think, if the New York *Observer* calls that failure—if the negro, lying on his back and basking in the sun, exports twice as much as the Yankee, standing on his feet, and that is failure, what will it say of us? I shall be glad to know by next week's *Observer*, what New England is, if the West Indies are a failure.

Then, again, how much do they buy? That is another test of the success or failure of a nation. You go to one of your Fifth Avenue houses, watch it for twenty years, and if the owner brings to it pictures and plate, velvet and damask, year after year, you say, "He is rich." How much do the West Indies buy? The negro, "basking on his back in the sun," according to *The Herald*, pays for twice as many manufactured goods from England and three times as many manufactured goods from America, as he did when he was a slave, driven to unpaid toil by the white man's hand, led by the white man's brain. That is in favor of "basking" (laughter and applause.)

Is there any man left dull enough to doubt whether the negro, with the great motive power of civilization acting upon him, will work? Pardon me if I quote William Cobbett—somewhat coarse, but eminently Saxon, and terribly earnest, and remarkably full of common sense. In analyzing the civilization of England, Cobbett said, "The basis of all civilization is the stomach." God gave to man the necessity of eating; out of that comes clothes, out of that comes books, out of that comes colleges. Now, the negro has the same necessity to eat that all other races has; and to-day he holds out his hands to the North and says, "Use me to save your liberty." Those six million of infuriated foes to the Union and to free institutions, we want to hold them long enough to convert them. I want those four million of blacks to help me. I want a compensation—one hundred or three hundred million—which shall go to the loyal slaveholders, to establish manufactures, the mechanic arts, and mines, in the Southern States. I want the loyal slaveholder, if such a man can be found, to look into his hand, and see a United States bond, and say to himself, "That represents forty slaves. If I am a good citizen, it is above par. If McClellan is allowed to take Yorktown, and Butler to take New Orleans, it is above par. If I fight, or am factious, it is eighty." He will be a good citizen (applause.)

What is the bond of Union? Suppose McClellan succeeds, and chains Massachusetts to South Carolina—two angry dogs—that is not a Union. I want a General who loads his cannon with something besides balls. McClellan uses nothing else; Fremont rams them down with ideas (applause.) That is the difference between the two Generals; one conquers, the other converts. One puts South Carolina under the heel of Massachusetts; the other puts her in her arms. The one makes one half the nation conquered territory; the other makes it sister States; and all we have got to do is to wait until God takes to himself, or lets down, some fifty thousand infuriated slaveholders (laughter). Moses left a generation in the desert, and we shall leave one generation in our desert. We shall never get over this difficulty in less than fifteen or twenty years. The war may be over next fall; the first of January, we may celebrate peace; but the difficulty of making fifteen States sister States will last your day and mine. In order to do it, we have got to keep the negro race as the basis of civilization in that half of the nation. We have got to put side by side with it, the poor whites, educated by the millions that compensation will pour into the South. We have got to proclaim that this Union means nothing but liberty from end to end; that every race under it is to be protected, and every man free (applause.) Whether we proclaim it to-day or a dozen years hence does not matter. We are in for the war, and this Society's present object is, so to manage the settlement of the slave question, that when the negro rises into liberty, the nation may survive to receive him; otherwise, the remark of your Secretary of the Treasury, when he entered office, was the wisest advice ever given to a nation. He is said to have remarked, "Better far let them go, keep the homogeneous North by itself, and leave them to work out their problem of civilization before we receive them again." That is statesmanship. The only thing that supersedes it is, nineteen million of people proclaiming that they can easier work out that problem, and that, laying the foundation in the liberty of all races, they guarantee to South Carolina a Republican form of government to-day. Until that time, never let there be a government in South Carolina at all! (Applause.) This is the message which Congress owes to the people—"There is never to be a government south of the Border States, unless dictated by the Union, until that government is the result and the expression of free institutions. Until then, Mr. Sumner's and Mr. Conway's theory is the only safe one—Territory, until Freedom creates a government in the Carolinas! (Applause.)

Now, let me say one word as a citizen, before I sit down as an Abolitionist. That is the only method. It is a terrible method; it is a momentously perilous method; whether you or I are to live to see that method tried and free institutions survive it, is a doubtful question. I am by no means certain, as our friend (Rev. Mr. Hatfield) expressed himself, that freedom and the Union will outlive this struggle. The *habeas corpus* suspended; a despotic government for the next fifteen years; an army of seven hundred thousand men disbanded; ten thousand officers entering the political arena—the professions, law, medicine and the counting-house, filled—where are they to go but into politics? If Hamilton and Aaron Burr had come back, after the Revolution, and found no space for them in the courts of Albany, where would they have gone? Could this government have borne the ambition, and popularity, and ability of those men, and survived it? I doubt it. We just survived. If Burr had been landless, and without business, with the army behind him, the Constitution of '89 might never have seen our day. Ten thousand officers are to come from this army in just that state; a debt of from one to two thousand million of dollars is to rest upon the people. The three great elements that make the curse of republics—military spirit, debt, and despotism—the medicine of States—we have got to endure them for ten or fifteen years, in order to civilize the South. I trust in God we can do it, and yet survive. I trust we have got intelligence and virtue enough in the North to absorb the barbarism of fifteen States, and not be poisoned. But I am not certain; and every man who can shorten the time of peril is a public benefactor. If you lessen it one year, it is excellent; if you lessen it five years, it is salvation. Everybody in Washington looks forward to ten years of military despotism. It is medicine; I am anxious to get back to common diet. I am anxiously waiting. "Every hour," as Napoleon said, "is an opportunity for misfortune." Every year educates us in despotism. Shorten the time! Summon the slave of the Carolinas to the contest! Give your army emancipation! Announce Liberty as the normal law of the Republic at once! (Applause.) I do not say it for the negro's sake; his fate is settled. I am now speaking as a citizen. I consider that the negro may fold his arms on the safe land, and watch us, as we struggle in the ocean of difficulty. Slavery is not the question to-day; but the question is, how to get rid of slavery in such a way that we can save the nation. Go out, therefore, every one of you, into your circles! Hold up the arms of the government! Say to Lincoln, "Amen to your Message to the Border States! Go an arrow's flight beyond it, and we shall have a more devout Amen!" Say to the Secretary of War, "God bless you, that you have armed the black at last! Now add to it this proclamation—that to every negro who takes up arms on the side of the Republic, we pledge liberty!" (Applause.) Hasten the government, in order to save it. There is no doubt of events. The fate of the man half way down Niagara is certain—he must go down. We shall annihilate slavery; I am not questioning that. What I want is that the government shall so act, and act so speedily, as to rid us, as soon as possible, of the dangers that threaten the triumph and unity of the nation. For that purpose, send up delegations to Washington to urge the government forward. Why, I found delegations in every Committee room at Washington; Willard's was crowded with delegations; the streets swarmed with delegations, anxious to know whether patent medicines, scented soaps, silver spoons, were to be taxed (laughter); anxious to know whether printing paper was to be taxed; but there was not a man—not one—who had gone up to Washington to hurry the Cabinet, to uphold and strengthen it, on the great question of the liberty of a race, which holds within its circumference the perpetuation of the nation. Montgomery Blair says, the Post-office follows the flag. Secretary Chase says, Trade follows the flag. The nation listens to hear Lincoln add, Liberty follows the flag! (Loud and prolonged applause.)

The Doxology, "From all that dwell below the skies," was then sung, and the meeting adjourned.

MEETING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE,

Tuesday Evening, May 7.

The evening session of the Society was held in the Cooper Institute, Mr. Garrison in the chair. A large audience was present, who paid the most earnest attention to the remarks of the speakers. Rev. Dr. Cheever, whose address was published last week, was the first speaker. At the conclusion of his speech, the President (Mr. Garrison) said—

Ladies and Gentlemen: If all the women of your vast Empire State were dehumanized, did not possess a single right, as human beings, were all marketable commodities, and could be sold for the vilest purposes, I take it that you would deem it the right—and not only the right, but the duty—of every woman who had a voice, to cry out against the horrible enormity of such a state of society. There is a larger female population in this terrible situation to-night than exists in the entire State of New York; and I have great pleasure in introducing to you a young woman who is moved, in spirit and in sympathy with the oppressed, to do what in her lies to excite your interest in behalf of those who are thus down-trodden and brutalized—Miss Anna E. Dickinson, of Philadelphia.

Speech of Miss Anna E. Dickinson.

Miss Dickinson commenced her speech by asking—Who or what is the cause of this war? That, she said, was the question which humanity asked, and which history must answer; and the historian, in the clear, calm future, with the mists of passion and prejudice rolled aside, would have but one answer, to be forever repeated as a warning to the generations, and that would be—slavery. The South had known, and had all along acted upon the knowledge, that this war must come, and had prepared for it, by demanding compromise after compromise, each one of which had given it additional territory, treasure, and men. Not only that, but it had established the slavocratic idea in the minds of men all over the North, the proof of which was found in the fact, that to-day, the aristocratic element in the country, which sustains and upholds slavery in the South, answers to every touch here in the North, even after twelve months' war and bloodshed. It was proved to-day, when the truest man who ever stood up before an audience, to open his lips and let God's voice sound across them—Wendell Phillips—was mobbed in the Queen City of the West (applause). We had more to fear from the pro-slavery men of the North than from all the armies that the South could gather together against us. Slavery, they said, had nothing to do with the war; the South was forced into secession and into the battle-field by the Abolitionists of the North. Suppose the South had seen fit to object to any kind of property that the North might hold; suppose they had chosen to say that the North should not own dogs or cats, or for year after year had struggled against it, and had finally defeated us at the ballot-box, did anybody suppose for an instant that the great North would have risen up in rebellion to save their cats and dogs? (Laughter.) Yet the South puts slave men and women upon exactly the same footing that the North puts cats and dogs, and declares to-day that she is fighting for them as property. That being so, they of course gave us the right to confiscate them, like any other property. Certainly, they could not complain if the North met them upon their own ground.

Some of the Border State men in Congress had taken up the cry against the Abolitionists, proclaiming that they had been treason-workers and secession-plotters, when, by the admission of Mason, and Keitt, and other leading men of the South, they had been laboring for this very end for years. These Border State men said, too, that an emancipation measure would tend to unite the whole South against the government, by joining the Gulf States and the Border States on the same issue; that is to say, the government is not to interfere with the rights and interests of loyal men in the Border States. They conveniently forget that loyal men North of Mason and Dixon's line have no rights to-day; that freedom of speech and of the press is put under ban, that every guaranty of civil right and constitutional liberty is trampled under foot. It was the same old story—"If you will give us all we demand under the government, we live under the government; if you refuse our demands, we go out." At the same time, these *loyal* men recognized the fact that slavery is actually the corner-stone of the rebel government, for Mr. Vice-President Stephens had declared, "The corner-stone of our new Republican edifice is based on the fact, that slavery is the natural condition of the negro." These *loyal* men of the South understood this matter better than Northern men could, because they had lived in the midst of the system, had seen its workings, and heard the declarations of its advocates. Northern loyalty and Southern loyalty could have no better illustration than was shown in Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861, when the streets of that *Union* city were crimsoned with the blood of brave Massachusetts men, rushing at their country's call Southward for the defence of the Capital (loud applause).

The pro-slavery men of the North said—"Proclaim confiscation, emancipation, what you will, for the rebels, in arms, but the Union men of the South are not to suffer." The Union men of the South not to suffer! Would not any *really* loyal man prefer that his slaves should be liberated by his country, for his country's good, rather than that they should be carried off and used by the rebels for insurrectionary purposes? The man who had been honored above all others in the North, whose single merit was that he had dared to stand up for the government in a Southern State, but who was as vile and contemptible as any man grown on Southern soil—and that was saying everything (applause)—had allowed his slaves to be carried off and used by the rebels, but when his country would take them and pay for them, he had insulted every Christian man by saying, that every secessionist and every Abolitionist ought to be hung, one against the other! If Southern men were not ready to give up their slaves, as Northern men gave up their property, they were not worthy of their country's protection (applause). Let them stand where they belong—openly, avowedly, in the ranks of the secessionists. The country would be stronger to fight the battles of Union and Liberty without than with them (applause).

Miss Dickinson said she very much doubted the loyalty of any Southern man—always excepting, of course, President Lincoln and Gen. Fremont (applause)—because, wherever our Generals went, saying, "We, being all Christians together, come not here to interfere with your system," loyal men sprang up in abundance. "Why," they said, "we are fighting to sustain slavery, and if you are not fighting to undermine it, we are agreed; we are all *Union men* together";—in the meantime, proving their loyalty by selling everything to the Union army at 150 per cent. advance (laughter and applause). But wherever our army went, led by a General who dared to write Freedom upon his banner, and take Liberty for his battle-shout—who dared to grasp God's truth and this world's expediency, and hurl them against the foe, like a thunderbolt—loyalty speedily died out in that section of the country.

Who were to bear the expenses of this war? Were the rebels standing in arms against us to-day to be deprived of their property as a just punishment for their iniquity and villany, and all the woes they have brought upon the North, or were they not? As for the Union men of the South, when this war was over, they would not have money enough to pay their debts, if they would, as long as they held their slaves; and therefore, the speaker said, she would have the government take their slaves, and pay for them, and let farmers and manufacturers and mechanics go down there and lay the foundation of a prosperity that would make them a money power after a while.

Miss Dickinson then referred to the argument that the slaves are unfit for freedom, and incapable of taking care of themselves. What had unfitted them? Was it not slavery? and was it proposed to prepare them for liberty by holding them in the same state which it was admitted had deprived them of the power to appreciate and understand liberty? But what right had anybody to say they were not fit for freedom when they had no opportunity to prove their fitness? She did not think it was so. Said an old black man who came into Fortress Monroe, "I have took care of myself for forty years, and helped massa take care of hisself; think I can take care of myself alone" (laughter and applause). What right had we, sitting down in the quiet enjoyment of a liberty we had never fought to win, and rights for which we had never suffered, to say of the men and women of the South that they had never proved their title to liberty, when every step of the path from the hell of slavery at the South to the heaven of freedom at the North, was marked by their tears and blood? And these men, even now, with all the barriers that had been built up between them and us, were flocking to our standard, and bringing valuable information to our Generals. They were willing to be guides for our armies in a strange country, spies in the enemy's camp, troops in the forlorn hope. "Oh," said some, "we don't want them; we are abundantly able to take care of ourselves." Yes; but the summer was approaching, when it would be almost impossible for white men to live in the South. Were we prepared to send our young men, our best and bravest, to be cut down, not by the cannon ball or the sabre, but by the fever and malaria of the South? The plea was sometimes made, that it would be inhuman to arm the slaves; but when the barbarous acts of the South were remembered—the carving of the bones of our brave soldiers who fell at Manassas into pipes and ladies' ornaments, and the scalping of our wounded at Pea Ridge—she could not understand how this plea could be made. If we were fighting to give Northern lives, and not to take Southern lives, if we were fighting to send down the hosts of liberty to die on the battle-field, and not to take the lives of the men who stand over against us, the sooner we knew it, and stopped fighting, the better (applause).

The South had been defeated, not subjected. The letter of the Mayor of New Orleans to the commander of our fleet illustrated the feeling of the Southern States to-day. He said—"The city is yours by the power of brute force, not by my consent, or the choice of the inhabitants." That was the universal feeling of the South; and until the cause of the insurrection was removed, this bitterness of feeling would exist; it could not be rooted out. Men talked of "reconstruction." Perhaps the Union would be reconstructed, and we should put down slave insurrections "with an iron hand." Having subdued the traitors, perhaps we should reconstruct the government, and take the money wrung from bankrupt merchants—millionaires a few years ago—and from wounded soldiers, some of them, it might be, maimed and suffering for life, to sustain such a government, and hold four million of men and women in chains for the benefit of the very men who have caused all this suffering and bloodshed! She did not believe in such a reconstruction.

Emancipation, said Miss D., is simply a question of time. I think the signs of the times point clearly to that; that when slavery is abolished in the District of Columbia, and emancipation in the Border States is going on, the proclamation of liberty to all is only a question of time. But it rests with you to say whether or not this time shall be shortened; it rests with you to say whether or not tens of thousands more of Northern men shall go down to suffering and death on Southern battle-fields; it rests with you to say whether this country shall stagger under a load of yet other thousands of millions of debt; it rests with you to say whether it shall grow gradually more and more despotic—for the training of military men never runs towards Democracy; it rests with you to say whether or not you will peril the safety of the country and its institutions by continuing this war.

In conclusion, Miss Dickinson gave a vivid and thrilling description of the attack on Fort Donelson—the impatience of the officers and soldiers, the hesitation of Gen. Grant, and the final gallant charge and glorious triumph—using it to illustrate the position of the nation in regard to slavery. "Are you ready," said she, "when the order comes, to send up word to our General at Washington, saying, not merely that you are impatient, not merely that you desire it, but, as those men said to Grant, '*We will have it*,' and step forward in the advance to take it? Are you ready to respond to the President, when you hear him ask, 'Are you ready?' to answer, as those men did, 'Aye, aye, sir, ready?' And then, when the order comes again, 'Ready—close ranks—charge bayonets—forward, double-quick—march!' are you ready to march straight up against the ramparts of slavery, mount them with one determined bound, and plant, on the ruins of the shattered and fallen system, the stars and stripes, bearing upon them the declaration, in characters of living light, 'Liberty proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof'? (Loud applause.) Then, while that flag waves, having God's motto of truth upon it—then, indeed, we shall see the army marshalled against us flying in affright from the right; the nations of the world will cry out in a mighty shout for joy at such a victory; the nation will stand purified and honored, and kneeling on the remnants of the crushed system will be seen four million of emancipated slaves, with clasped hands, and upraised, streaming eyes, thanking God for liberty, gained at last!

We have undertaken to give only an abstract of Miss Dickinson's able and very effective address, which affords but little, if any, idea of its pathos and power. As she took her seat, she was complimented by loud and general applause.

The Hutchinsons then sang one of their beautiful songs, which was followed, in response to a call from the audience, with the "John Brown song," and the meeting adjourned.

BUSINESS MEETINGS.

Tuesday Afternoon.

The American Anti-Slavery Society met for the transaction of business at the Lecture-Room of the Church of the Puritans, Fifteenth st., at 3 o'clock, p.m., the President of the Society, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in the chair.

Aaron M. Powell, of Columbia Co., N. Y., addressed some introductory remarks, arguing the necessity of still adhering to all our old methods of moving and directing the public mind and conscience, and of continuing their use until slavery is at an end.

The President alluded to the recent resignation of his office, as Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, by J. Miller McKim. He spoke of his deep regret at the thought of losing Mr. McKim from the important post which he has held for upwards of twenty years, and the duties of which he has ever discharged with such faithfulness, wisdom, and success. He (the President) must confess he did not understand why Mr. McKim was now resigning his place; and he called upon Mr. McKim, whom he was glad to see with us, to explain more fully his position.

Mr. McKim, in reply, referred to the changed aspects and prospects of the Anti-Slavery Cause, occasioned by the Rebellion of the Slave Power against the government, and by the War for the Maintenance of the Union. These changes, he thought, made advisable and even needful a corresponding change in our operations. These and other considerations had led him to think it his duty to change the particular direction of his labors, and hence the resigning of his office.

Samuel May, Jr., referred to one or two of the reasons given by Mr. McKim for his resignation of his office, and expressed his dissent from them as having force in the case; and hoped that Mr. McKim might yet see it to be his duty to resume his place at the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery office.

Mr. McKim said, that, by a recent understanding on the matter, no immediate change would be made.

Mr. Garrison spoke of the relation of the Society to the Port Royal and other Missions for the education of the Freedmen. He thought of these movements with deep interest and respect, but the work is not the *Abolition of Slavery*. It is a *popular* work, as compared with ours, and we may safely leave it to the support of the community at large, giving it all the incidental help in our power, but not making it our special work. He spoke of the need of our holding public meetings, frequent meetings, for the discussion of the very questions now occupying and agitating the public mind—questions of Emancipation, Colonization, Confiscation, etc., etc.—upon the right settlement of which so much is depending for the future peace and welfare of this country.

Oliver Johnson spoke of *one* failure of this Society and its friends, viz., to take the necessary means to extend the circulation of The Standard and other anti-slavery journals.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, of New York, urged the duty of the Abolitionists to stand firm to their principles and methods of action.

Mr. Lasar, of New York, related some encouraging facts, showing the progress (and in some cases the supremacy) of anti-slavery principles in the city of New York.

Edward Gilbert, of New York, spoke of the distinction between the anti-slavery cause proper, and the various local and occasional operations for the relief and education of the so-called "contrabands."

Theodore Tilton, of New York, replied to some remarks of Mr. Gilbert in regard to *The Independent* newspaper, and proceeded to point out what he deemed necessary for the extension of the circulation of The Standard.

Aaron M. Powell explained, in reply to Mr. Tilton, some of the reasons which led him to dissent from Mr. T.'s conclusions in regard to the increased circulation of The Standard.

On motion, Samuel May, Jr., and Anna R. Powell were appointed Assistant Secretaries.

The following Committees were nominated by the Chair, and unanimously confirmed by the Society.

Business Committee.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Garrett, Wendell Phillips, J. Miller McKim, Parker Pillsbury, Oliver Johnson, Aaron M. Powell, Robert Purvis, Sarah J. Nowell, Lucy Stone.

Committee to Nominate Officers.—Edmund Quincy, Boston; Joseph Post, Long Island; James M. Aldrich, Fall River, Mass.; Ebenezer D. Draper, Hopedale, Mass.; Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.; Mahlon B. Linton, Bucks Co., Pa.; Micah Pool, Abington, Mass.; Lauren Wetmore, Wolcottville, Conn.; William Wells Brown, Cambridge, Mass.; Reuben Tomlinson, Philadelphia.

Finance Committee.—Susan B. Anthony, E. D. Draper.

Adjourned, to following day, 10 a.m.

Wednesday Morning.

The Society reassembled for business at the Lecture-Room of the Church of the Puritans, at 10 o'clock; and was called to order by Thomas Garrett, of Delaware, one of the Vice-Presidents.

The Business Committee was summoned, by their Chairman, Mr. Garrison, to a Conference in the Committee room.

Samuel May, Jr., as Acting General Agent of the Society, presented a statement of the operations of the Society during the two past years, in respect to Lecturing and Local Agencies, Tracts, and other Publications.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose urged the publication in pamphlet form of William Wells Brown's speech, made at the public meeting yesterday. She considered it the most important speech of the day—excellent as were the others—and she wished it published and laid upon the desks of Members of Congress, and others, who may still be troubled with the absurd idea that the slaves, if set free, cannot take care of themselves. Mrs. Rose offered a contribution for the purpose. [Mrs. Rose's suggestion will probably be complied with.]

The motion was seconded by Mr. Holton.

George T. Downing referred to the efforts now making for the *Colonization* of such slaves as may be freed by the war. He denounced all measures and schemes for expatriating men born on the soil, whose rights are here, and whose labor is needed here.

E. S. Tyler, Esq., of New York, President of the New York and Nicaragua Colonization Association, concurred with those who censured the scheme of enforced colonization. He said there was a large region of valuable land in Nicaragua, etc., which now was open to free men and women, both white and colored, on the basis of freedom and the absolute exclusion of slavery; and he invited attention to this project, which offered land of the best quality, at merely nominal rates, to such persons as he had described—there being no better land in the world, he said, for the culture of cotton and the sugar-cane. Mr. T. said that he himself had been a personal friend and associate of Capt. John Brown in Kansas, and had helped more than a hundred slaves into freedom through that State.

The hour assigned having arrived, the question of the support of The Standard, and of the financial condition of the Society, was taken up.

Mr. McKim of Philadelphia spoke generally of The Standard's value, as a paper, and of its indispensable necessity to the Society and the Anti-Slavery cause.

S. S. Foster said he had come to this meeting as the most important meeting of the Society, in his estimation, that had been held for many years. He had thought there were signs of dissolution in the Society, but believed that the Society's work was not anywhere near being done, nor likely to be done at present. He urged the support of The Standard as essential; but the maintenance of the Lecturing Agencies is, he said, indispensable to The Standard's continuance.

Samuel May, Jr., and E. D. Draper, spoke to the question of finances, and a generous pecuniary support of the Anti-Slavery Society.

Parker Pillsbury, of N. H., spoke of the fact of the smallness of our members as, in truth, our highest honor. And, though thus small, our number to-day being only as that of the Apostolic company of old as related in the Book of Acts, "about one hundred and twenty," yet shall we be mighty in power, if the true spirit of justice and freedom be in us. He expressed the hope that we should never see slavery abolished "by the War Power," as it would be "no benefit to the slave," and "a curse to the cowards who should do it."

Mr. Powell thought there was another practical matter which should be considered—the continuance of Lecturing Agents. The expression of the Society should be given to increase every effort we could possibly employ.

J. M. McKim inquired as to the amount needed to sustain the Society and Standard the current year.

W. L. Garrison replied, generally, to Mr. McKim's inquiry. He spoke of the probable, almost certain, fact that, for some time to come, our usual contributions from friends in Great Britain would be greatly diminished, if not cut off entirely. Mr. Garrison referred to the fact that so many of our English friends are in doubt as to our present position and course, and cannot see how, having been once disunionists, we are not so now; but who yet, notwithstanding this perplexity of mind, have not withdrawn their kind sympathies, and still manifest their confidence that we, their American associates, will never intelligently consent to any compromise with slavery. He wished, for one, to express his earnest thanks to them for all they had done in the past to aid us in our work.

Mr. Garrison, from the Business Committee, offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, by the treasonable revolt of the South against the National government, for the purpose of establishing a hostile Confederacy, the corner-stone of which is avowedly and truly the eternization of chattel slavery, all the recognized pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution are abrogated, and the whole slave system is placed within the grasp and may be abolished by the government, at any moment it chooses to exercise the power; therefore,

1. Resolved, That the dread responsibility for the future prolongation of this treacherous and bloody system, resting as it now does with absolute completeness on the people and government, the present one great, paramount anti-slavery duty is to hold them to the immediate discharge of that responsibility, by proclaiming liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof; and any other device or proposition, as a substitute for this, should be strongly reprobated as fraught equally with guilt and danger.

2. Resolved, That this Society would earnestly recommend to the friends of impartial liberty, in every part of the North, the holding of public meetings for the purpose of enforcing this duty upon the government, and by this expression of the public sentiment inspire the government with courage to perform that duty without delay.

Samuel May, Jr., said he thought that Dr. Cheever, last evening, had not quite correctly stated the demand which we, as Abolitionists, make of the government in regard to the abolition of slavery under the War Power. Dr. Cheever was understood to say that the proposal was to exalt the military power above the civil, above the constitutional authorities of the land. Not so. We call upon the President and Congress to use the power, the *constitutional* power now in their hands, to abolish slavery; and to use the Army and Navy *as their subordinates*, as the servants of the government and people, to do their work; but never exalt the military power above the civil.

Mr. Garrison said he would not ask any man, from President downward, to do a single act in violation of conscience and duty, even to promote so good a work as to abolish slavery. Two years ago he couldn't, and wouldn't, have asked the President officially to abolish slavery. But now, in the change of circumstances, the President *has* the power and the right to abolish slavery; and therefore we do demand the exercise of it.

Mr. Treadwell inquired if anything in this Society's Constitution committed its members to disunion sentiments.

Mr. Garrison explained that there was no such requirement.

S. S. Foster seconded the resolution read by Mr. Garrison; and addressed the meeting in support of his own views of the general subject. He also offered the following:

Resolved, That, after a careful and impartial survey of the whole action of the Federal government, since our last Annual Meeting, we can see no just grounds for any change in our position towards it; for, although from purely selfish motives it has done many acts favorable to the freedom of the slaves, it has in no instance evinced a genuine regard for their rights as citizens, or any disposition to trust them as such; on the contrary, it is still in league with slaveholders, recapturing their fugitives, threatening to suppress slave insurrections; and in all other ways faithfully executing all the pro-slavery provisions of the United States Constitution; we therefore earnestly counsel our friends to abstain from giving it their support under the mistaken belief that they are thereby aiding the anti-slavery cause.

The resolutions numbered 1. and 2., with preamble, were adopted.

Edmund Quincy, from the Committee on the Nomination of Officers, made a Report, as follows:

President.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Mass.

Vice-Presidents.

Peter Libbey, Maine,	Edward M. Davis, Pennsylvania,
Luther Melendy, N. H.,	Thomas Whitson, "
John M. Hawks, "	Joseph Moore, "
Jehiel C. Claflin, Vermont,	Rowland Johnson, N. J.,
Edmund Quincy, Massachusetts,	Alfred Gibbs Campbell, "
Andrew Robeson, "	Thomas Garrett, Delaware,
Asa Fairbanks, Rhode Island,	Thomas Donaldson, Ohio,
James B. Whitcomb, Connecticut,	Benjamin Bown, "
Samuel J. May, New York,	William Hearn, Indiana,
Cornelius Bramhall, " "	William Hopkins, "
Amy Post, " "	Joseph Merritt, Michigan,
Pliny Sexton, " "	Cyrus Fuller, "
Lydia Mott, " "	Thomas Chandler, "
Henry A. Hartt, " "	Carver Tomlinson, Illinois,
Lucretia Mott, Pennsylvania,	Caleb Green, Minnesota,
Robert Purvis, "	Georgiana B. Kirby, California.

George W. Benson, Kansas.

Corresponding Secretary.

Charles C. Burleigh, Plainfield, Ct.

Recording Secretary.

Wendell Phillips, Boston.

Treasurer.

William I. Bowditch, Boston.

Executive Committee.

William Lloyd Garrison,	Samuel May, Jr.,
Edmund Quincy,	William I. Bowditch,
Maria Weston Chapman,	Charles K. Whipple,
Wendell Phillips,	Henry C. Wright,
Anne Warren Weston,	Charles Follen,
Sydney Howard Gay,	Edmund Jackson.

On motion, the Report was adopted, and the persons named elected by a unanimous vote.

The Business Committee presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Society renews its oft-repeated testimony against every scheme or proposition for the expatriation or colonization of the free colored or slave population of this country, on the ground of their complexion or race.

Adopted unanimously.

The resolution offered by S. S. Foster, for want of time to discuss it, was laid on the table.

The Treasurer's Report, as audited by Oliver Johnson, was accepted.

The Society then unanimously agreed to the following resolution, in memory of their deceased friend and associate, Francis Jackson:

Resolved, That the death of our honored and beloved associate, Francis Jackson, of Boston, a member of this Society for a full quarter of a century and its Treasurer for many years, has left a vacancy in our ranks not to be soon filled. But, while sensible of our great loss, we rejoice to remember that he was so long with us, and to know that, faithful among the first, he was faithful also to the last. We cherish his memory as a most valued treasure, a mighty encouragement, and an assurance of certain triumph. His sincere devotion to the anti-slavery cause, his fearless support of it in dark and perilous times, his kindly sympathy and help for so many of slavery's victims, must ever remain an example and motive to all who knew him; and, being dead, he yet speaketh to us, and for our good cause.

The Society then adjourned, *sine die*.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

Samuel May, Jr., } *Assist. Secretaries.*
Anna R. Powell, }

DONATIONS

To American Anti-Slavery Society, at Annual Meeting, May, 1862.

Wm. Gibbons Hopper	$20 00
James M. Aldrich	10 00
S. Lasar	3 00
— Schram	1 00
A Friend	2 00
Martha T. Ketchum	1 00
A Friend	1 00
John S. Jenkins	1 00
Emily Howland	2 00
A Friend	1 00
"	1 00
Lucy Stone	5 00
A Friend	1 00
Mr. Treadwell, New York	5 00
A Friend, by M. B. Linton	5 00
A. R. Bramhall	10 00
A. R. Powell	1 00
A. M. Powell	1 00
James Pierce	1 00
Phebe Anna Pierce	1 00
W. Howland	1 00
Ernestine L. Rose	1 00
George T. Downing	1 00
A Friend	1 00
James De Garmo	1 00
Friend	50
Collection, at Church of the Puritans, at Anniversary	134 66
Cooper Institute Meeting	96 40

PLEDGES

To American Anti-Slavery Society, May 7, 1862.

Joseph and Mary M. Post	$30 00
L. Wetmore (in July)	50 00
" " (in January, '63)	50 00
Theo. T. Ovington, Brooklyn	25 00
O. B. Frothingham, New York	20 00
Reuben Tomlinson, Philadelphia	5 00
Jennie K. Smith	2 00
E. D. and Anna T. Draper, Hopedale, Mass	50 00
Edmund Quincy	50 00
Oliver Johnson	25 00
Samuel May, Jr	25 00
M. B. Linton (for Bucks County, Pa.)	15 00
Henry Q. and Rachel B. Mack, New York City	50 00
Sarah J. Nowell	5 00
Anna Rice Powell	5 00
Aaron M. Powell	5 00

NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq.

[*Concluded from fourth page.*]

power, as a Republican—as an Abolitionist, if you please—on the principles of the platform that lifted him into office. It will not be done, until we get rid of the leading influences in the army. I have nothing to say of Halleck, as a soldier; nothing to say of McClellan; and little to say of Grant. All I know is, that they do not believe—neither does Anderson, of your city, fresh from Sumter—that the root of this difficulty is slavery; and not believing it, they do not mean to touch it. I believe that when Oliver Cromwell was asked, "Would you shoot the king, if you saw him?" and old Noll replied, "Yes, quicker than anybody else," he touched the nucleus of the difficulty in the English Commonwealth. Now, if you were to ask McClellan, "Would you shoot slavery?" he would say, "No; I am for settling this quarrel on the old basis." On the contrary, if you asked Frank Sigel, or Hunter, or Saxton, or Fremont (applause), the answer would be, "Yes, quicker than anything else, and thank God for the chance" (loud applause). When our army comes under the command of such Generals, we shall have just such successes as the Parliamentary army had in England when it got under Cromwell and Ireton—men who understood the depth of the chasm that threatened to engulph the nation, and were willing to bridge it.

We are passing to-day through the first phase of the struggle. Let us not blame McClellan too much. The crisis came upon him before he was educated. He is a soldier, and does not know anything more. Halleck said—was it not he?—"I know how to fight, and that is all I know." Well, let him fight. The great difficulty with our Generals is, that they do not have brains as well as swords. Now, every army is of immense potency, when the State is abolished; and, as our friend (Mr. Tilton) showed you, it is a military government that exists to-day. It takes its flavor from the purposes of the Major-Generals; and I shall believe in Union when I see Major-Generals at the head of the army willing to shoot, not Jefferson Davis—a chip—but slavery, the reality he floats on (applause). Slavery can create hundreds of Jefferson Davis's. She could bribe a thousand Jefferson Davis's from the purlieus of this very city, in twelve months (laughter). Do you suppose that an institution that represents a thousand million of dollars, bulwarked by the sympathy of six million of people, shaded by the sanctions of Church and State, as they call themselves, in half the nation, cannot get scoundrels to lead it, and able scoundrels too? Of course it can. It is not the men—it is the state of society that produces them. He would be a fool who, when he had a fever, scraped his tongue and took no medicine. Killing Davis is only scraping the tongue; killing slavery is taking a wet-sheet pack, destroying the very system that caused the disease. But when we have done it, there remains behind the still greater and more momentous problem, whether we have got the strength, the balance, the virtue, the civilization, to absorb six million of ignorant, embittered, bedeviled Southerners, and transmute them into honest, decent, educated, well-behaved, Christian mechanics, worthy to be the brothers of New England Yankees? (Applause.) That is the real problem. That is what this generation has to address itself to. You know men take their floating capital and fund it into a permanent investment. Now, the floating virtue of forty thousand pulpits, the floating wealth of these nineteen million of people, the floating result, big or little, of Tract Societies is to be funded—like perceptible heat, is to be transformed into invisible, latent heat; it is to pass away into the Southern capacity of being educated. The water is to sink to its level. Harvard College, whose men can think, is to go down half way and meet South Carolina, saying her A, B, C. That is what you are to do. And in order to do it quickly, in order to save as much of the original impulse and impetus of the national life as possible, you are to hurry up President Lincoln, and not let him wait until next March before he takes his next step forward. You are to educate the nation to demand of Saxton in South Carolina, and Johnson in Tennessee, that they adhere to the Republican platform of Chicago. You are to say to President Lincoln—"Go and listen to Stanton—he talks quicker than you do" (laughter and applause). You are to put the vigorous will of the Secretary of War into the machinery of the President, and make an energetic man of him. Oh, that we could roll these two worthy gentlemen into one! If we could but unite the vigorous will of the one and the honest purpose of the other, and make them into one live President, and then overshadow him with the divine inspiration of the spirit of Fremont (applause), we should have a government that would float this Ship of State into calm waters in half a dozen years; that would show to Europe the strength of Democratic institutions, and the common sense, stronger than education, of nineteen million of people; that would say to Earl Russell—a better answer than Seward made—"We understand our own institutions, and do not ask your instruction as to what they mean"; that would say to Palmerston—"Thirty-four States undertake to own from the Lakes down to the Gulf; and when they cannot fill their harbors with frigates, they will fill them with stones, and no business of yours (loud applause). These domestic institutions of ours, we mean to settle by the vigor of our own right hands." England respects one thing, and one thing only—success; and we have had so much of it of late, that we shall have more respectful treatment from that quarter (applause). I have not a doubt of it. We have gained one thing at Yorktown and Pittsburg, and that is, the certainty that we are to settle this quarrel at our leisure. Neither the French Emperor nor the English Foreign Minister will put his finger into it, for tobacco or anything else (laughter and applause). All we want is, to lead the minds of the people into the new channel of national rights. War is despotism; but I believe this of New England schools and New York pulpits and Western labor—that they will be able to survive despotism, exercised by Abraham Lincoln. We shall let him suspend *habeas corpus*; we shall let him tax us to any extent; we shall give him the choice of his Major-Generals, until he is satisfied; and yet these educated people, these sons of Puritans and Dutchmen, who are planted hence to the Mississippi, will prove that their civilization is potent enough to save liberty, to redeem it; and the men who stand in our places, seventy years hence, as we stand in the places of our fathers who built the Constitution, in my view, will see one Empire, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and South Carolina and Massachusetts hand in hand—two sister States, alike in ideas and civilization; and then, for the first time, a New England or a New York-born man may take the Declaration of Independence on his lips, and proclaim it as he goes along the sea-shore to Texas, and not fear to be lynched in any State of the Union [applause]. But until that can be done—and it will never be done until you make over South Carolina—I laugh at the idea of a Union. Wherever a Northern man cannot go, sheltered by the ægis of the nation, that is no part of our country. That banner could protect a naturalized citizen in the waters of Austria; that banner can protect an American on the other side of the globe; there is not a Christian nor a heathen government on the face of the globe under which a citizen of New York would not be safe under the stars and stripes, except the fifteen slave States ["Hear," "hear"]; and in neither of them, for the last twenty years, was that flag anything but an empty piece of bunting, for the protection of a Northern man. You called that a nation; I did not. The soil that was too hot for a free man to tread did not deserve the name of America [applause]. To-day, the question is not whether the negro shall be free, specifically, not, certainly, whether New York and Massachusetts shall dictate to sister States, but it is, whether the free lips of New York and Massachusetts shall be protected by the laws of the nation, wherever the stars and stripes float. In order to that, demand of President Lincoln, that when the South has put the sword into his very hands to cut the neck of the system which has hitherto made her alien among her sisters, he shall use it, in the name of Justice and of God [prolonged applause].

Mr. Garrison was very generally and loudly called for, and came forward, and briefly addressed the audience.

Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

I seem to have some friends in this audience (loud applause). The only reason why they call upon me to come forward, I take it, is, to convince others, who may not be friendly, through a misapprehension, that I am not what they suppose me to be—a *hair-brained* fanatic (laughter).

I only want to say this word: that they who suppose that I, or my friend Mr. Phillips, or the Abolitionists generally, have had in view, in this long-protracted and desperate struggle, simply the colored population of this country, are entirely mistaken. I have had your rights in view, your safety, your prosperity—the safety, the honor, the glory of the whole country, degraded, disgraced, imperilled and divided by the existence and presence of that accursed system of slavery; and therefore, in striking at that, I have struck for free speech, a free press, the rights of our common humanity, and the law of the eternal God (applause). I rejoice that the hour is come when this thing is beginning to be generally understood; and the people only need clearly to apprehend the nature of this struggle, and I am sure, with their general intelligence, they will rise up as one man for the honor and glory and unity of our common Republic, and decree the abolition of slavery, now that, by the treachery and rebellion of the South, the slave system has put the power into their hands, and into the hands of the government (applause).

I am for the prosperity of the country. Let me take one single incident, as a matter of illustration. It is not a great while since I happened to be in Philadelphia, and on inquiring of a friend what had become of his brother, he said, "He has gone into the oil business." "Well," said I, "he is an Abolitionist, then." "I don't know," said he, "how that follows." "Perhaps," said I, "I did not understand your reply to my question. In what business is your brother engaged?" "Why, in the oil business," said he. "Well," I replied again, "then of course he must be a thorough-going, radical Abolitionist." He laughed, and said, "I don't understand you; I don't know how that follows." "Why," said I, "your brother, of course, is not in favor of having any market closed against his business. He is not in favor of any power that will prevent his selling oil to those who might otherwise be his customers?" "Of course not," said he. "Now," said I, "there is a larger population than exists in the Empire State forever precluded, in this country, by the fiat of the Slave Power, from buying oil, for they have no lamps, and use no oil!" "Why," said he, "I never thought of that before; I will go right off and tell him." I want you to think of that. Men who want to make money—and that is well—men who like comfortable homes, plenty to eat and to wear, who want all the needs of life supplied, and who want trade to prosper, remember that four million people in this country are dehumanized, have none of the comforts which you could supply, if, by the plastic hand of Freedom, they could be turned into freemen and free laborers. There is no branch of industry at the North that would not have an infusion of fresh blood poured into its veins, if emancipation should be declared. It would be largely to increase our commerce, and manufactures, greatly to extend our trade, and vastly to augment the wealth of the North, and, consequently, the success and prosperity of the South, if we could only have liberty proclaimed "throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

All I have to say is, that I endorse everything that has been said here to-night; and I have been glad, sitting here, to see that you, also, have been ready to say "Amen" to what has been here advanced on this platform (applause).

After a song by the Hutchinsons—"The Furnace Blast," by Whittier—(followed, by the earnest solicitation of many, by the John Brown song)—the meeting adjourned.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

A meeting of the members of the Society was held immediately upon the conclusion of the public exercises, when the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Dr. HENRY A. HARTT, *President.*
Edward Gilbert, }
Erasmus D. Hudson, } *Vice-Presidents.*
Theodore Tilton, }
Oliver Johnson, *Corresponding Secretary.*
James B. Richards, *Recording Secretary.*
Rowland Johnson, *Treasurer.*
Additional Members of the Executive Committee.—S. H. Gay, Abby H. Gibbons, Cornelius Bramhall, J. F. Cleveland, Sigismund Lasar.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 48 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 48 Beekman street, New York."

REMOVAL.

The office of The Standard is now at No. 48 Beekman st., North side, just below William st., in the second story front room.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention for 1862 will be held in the city of Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 28th and 29th, in the MELODEON, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m., of Wednesday.

The New England Convention, annually held for the past thirty years (with but a single exception), has been one of the most effective instrumentalities for arousing the people of this land to a just sense of the great Abomination of Slavery. Its yearly sessions have always been largely attended—not only all the New England States being represented therein, but usually several of the Western and Middle States also. Never before was it called to meet under such cheering circumstances. The work of the Convention is far from being done, nor can any opponent of slavery safely slacken hand or zeal at this critical hour. But God is now vouchsafing such signs to this nation, such tokens of his power and presence, as should serve mightily to encourage every friend of Freedom, and bring us all to the great crowning labors of the Anti-Slavery cause with redoubled energy and in redoubled numbers.

Let the anti-slavery men and women of New England, then, gather once more in their Annual Convention. Once more let them indicate to the long-slumbering but now awakening land, to a guilty but haply a repenting people, the only Way of Peace, of Safety, and of National Honor. Once more let the words of Justice, and Freedom, for all, be echoed from the hills and valleys of New England, until they join the swelling voices of the Centre and the Great West; and the trembling, hoping slave shall hear the glad tidings, proclaiming his deliverance, his redemption, and his acknowledged manhood.

All the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, in every part of the country, are invited to attend.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, EDMUND QUINCY, Pres.

Robert F. Wallcut, Rec. Sec'y.

THE CRUMBLING OF THE REBELLION.

The disintegration of the once threatening power of the rebellion is going on faster than the most sanguine hopers could have anticipated. The rapidity and the method of the process shows how rotten were the materials out of which this enormous treason was constructed, and how brittle the cement that held them together. The mighty edifice which threatened the heavens with its battlements, and which looked across the ocean as if it overshadowed the whole land with its strength and greatness, is tottering to its fall—if, indeed, it may be not said of it, even now, that

"All the magic structure reared so high
Is shattered into heaps o'er the false heads"

of those that imagined it. The marvellous rapidity of the march of events in the peninsula of Yorktown, after it had once been taken up, the capture of Norfolk, so briefly preceded by the fall of New Orleans, and the rapid advance upon Richmond, show how ready we had been to accept the rebels' account of themselves, and to believe them to be as mighty as they bragged to be. Their retreats, though conducted with consummate skill, were still acknowledgments of weakness, and the feebleness of the resistance offered to the armies of the Republic in Virginia proves that the *personnel* of their forces must have been most unworthy of the ability of their officers—developed, indeed, and trained at the cost of the nation and in the nation's battle-fields. The destruction of the Merrimac, especially, without even an attempt to renew her victory of the 9th of March, indicates that they not only lacked the reinforcement of hope but wanted the resolution that comes of despair. She could have been but sunk and destroyed after a gallant strife with the Monitor and the National ships-of-war, and her success over them might have delayed the final ruin of her cause, if not saved it entirely.

That she did not do this, and that a more determined resistance was not opposed to the National arms before Norfolk and Richmond, cannot be attributed to the want of personal courage on the part of the rebels. That they have the usual allowance of that quality they have proved at Williamsburg and at Pittsburg, as well as elsewhere. It must have been the sense that it was useless to offer further resistance, in that field, at least, to the overpowering superiority of the Army of the Potomac, and that retreat and not battle was the dictate of true generalship. The timely appearance of the President at the seat of war, doubtless did much to give animation and dispatch to the operations which have resulted so brilliantly in Virginia. He has shown the possession of that instinct, perhaps the thing that makes the chief difference between men in military and civil life, which tells the precise moment when to assume the personal responsibility of great movements. His personal exercise of the powers of Commander-in-Chief in the issuing of his celebrated Orders from the Executive Mansion, directing the advance along the whole line, marks the day from which the successes of this campaign date. That step indicated a masterly quality of mind, as did his timely appearance at Fortress Monroe. Now that Norfolk and Portsmouth have fallen, and the Merrimac has perished by an inglorious suicide, he may well return to the National palace and watch the movements of his Generals from that centre of observation. That the rebellion is at an end we do not yet believe. The snake is scotched, not killed. That it must die, we apprehend to be as inevitable as mortality; but it will die hard and slowly. Now that the Monitor and the other mailed warriors of the sea are released from their watch and ward over the fiery dragon of the Elizabeth river, Charleston, Savannah and Mobile must yield just as fast as steam can take them to those harbors. Those cities occupied, with the others in our possession, and Richmond and Memphis soon to be so, the rebel forces can be left in the heart of the cotton country to the processes of natural decay and dissolution. And whatever of active treatment may be necessary to hasten it can be postponed to the most convenient season. All this will require only the distant supervision of the Head of the Nation.

In any other part of the world what has happened already would be a final ending of the rebellion. Even the English secessionists will probably wonder at the vitality of the reptile they admire so much, and have done all they dared to comfort and cherish, after the blows that have been planted in its heart. They will marvel at it as much, perhaps, as at the unaccountable phenomenon that the United States, though they have not borrowed a dollar out of the country, have all the money they want, with all their stocks above par. How can mortal men fight one another, anywhere, without the aid of British gold and the consent of Rothschild and the Barings! It is, indeed, a worthy astonishment, as well as the facts that the general industry of the country is well at work again, with trade everywhere recovering, and business in some branches, and in wide regions of the country, better than ever it was, and that, last winter, there was actually much less destitution and distress than in ordinary years, instead of the bread-riots and anarchy which were so kindly promised us. *That*, however, we cannot expect them to believe, though a fact patent to all observers, here. But we Yankees are, indeed, a peculiar people—though we cannot affirm that we have been always zealous of good works—entirely beyond the comprehension of the common European mind. Because of this idiosyncrasy the rebellion will continue to live after it is killed, and we shall have to slay the slain at least thrice, if not three times thrice. But that will be a very light matter, compared with what we have gone through. A people of the extravagant self-opinion and ungovernable temper of the slaveholding rebels, will not easily be whipped into a genuine submission. All that can be held, for a long time to come, must be done under the compulsion of a military force. Under no other circumstances can the United States Courts be held, or their process executed in the rebellious cities, until they have undergone a change of heart—and we cannot hope that any political Pentecost impends for their instantaneous conversion by miracle. This their friends and fautors at the North are hoping and praying for (if they ever pray!), so that the old state of things may be restored, with slavery for the lord of the feast of fat things, and they the lucky dogs to whom shall fall the crumbs from their master's table. But we think they will find themselves mistaken in their men. The sordid wretches judge of their masters by themselves.

We do not know that we can give any reason why God's Providence should take an especial interest in this nation, for what it has been since it was born into the family of nations seventy-three years ago. We will hope that it is for what the Divine Omniscience sees it is to be in the future, lessoned by the past. But it really does seem as if the whole course of events for the last eighteen months had been divinely directed for our advantage, the evil as well as the good, if we have grace to use it so. The graver our sin and the greater our punishment, if we turn the blessing into a curse. We cannot recapitulate the facts—they are too fresh in all men's minds. But, in these later days of our history, since our mighty army was collected, and the national impatience chafed at its inactivity, we can discern this wise direction of events. We will not open old scores. Let bygones be bygones. We cheerfully join in the vote of thanks offered by Congress to Gen. McClellan for the victories his army has won. But, admitting what his critics assert, that all this might have been done last December easier than now, and three hundred million saved to the nation, admitting this, and attributing it to what motive you will, the delay has been most beneficial to the moral health of the nation. The education it has gone through, since then, were cheap at twice the money. The danger of the war being rounded by a peace which should be a virtual surrender to the rebels, through the rehabilitation of slavery in its old supremacy over us, is far less now than then. The longer the war lasts the less the peril, and thus out of this seeming evil good may be educed. The great calamity which now threatens the land is the possible success of the conspiracy, which has only been slumbering during the war, to make slavery permanently and securely the master of the situation, here. It is possible only through the weakness, cowardice or selfishness of the majority at the North. That majority now holds the future of the country in its hands. If it listen to the insolent clamors of the secessionist minority, it may make the last end of the nation worse than the first. If it make use of the power the rebellion has given it over the guilty original of the rebellion, and eliminate slavery from the elements of our national existence, it will make the nation the most powerful, the most wealthy, the most prosperous, as well as the most virtuous, that the world has ever seen. Vast and far-reaching are the issues of its choice.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

So much of our space is filled by Mr. Yerrinton's admirable reports of the addresses delivered before the American and New York Anti-Slavery Societies, in Anniversary Week, that we have room only to say that the meetings were all that the friends of the cause could have reasonably expected or even hoped they would be. The attendance was large, the speaking mainly such as the crisis called for, and the interest from first to last, such as to afford ground of encouragement to all who seek the deliverance of the slave. The signs of the times were generally viewed as auspicious, but it was felt at the same time that the work of the Abolitionists was still far short of its accomplishment, and that there was pressing need that they should maintain their organization and gird themselves with new strength and determination for emergencies yet to come. The members of the Society rejoiced indeed in view of much that has transpired within the past year, but they "rejoiced with fear and trembling" in view of the possible fate of the country in consequence of its continued complicity with slavery and its refusal to obey God by proclaiming liberty to the bondman Some were inclined to dwell chiefly upon the darker, others upon the lighter and more encouraging aspects of the cause; but it is not too much to say that all were inspired by a common purpose to enforce and exalt, by precept and example, the great principles of justice, equality and fraternity which are the life and power of the Anti-Slavery Movement, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in one earnest and common struggle until those principles shall be honored in the utter extinction of slavery.

It is believed that the Anniversary of the City Society was attended by hundreds of men—merchants, lawyers, etc.—who never attended such a meeting before, and not a few of whom were, up to a very recent period, prominently identified with the movements of the pro-slavery party. Not a few of this class joined heartily in the applause which greeted the most radical utterances of Wendell Phillips. The change in public sentiment thereby indicated is very encouraging.

Northern Conservatism—what the Rebels think of it.—We commend to the self-styled conservatives of the North the following extract from the Richmond *Dispatch*, in which they will see their portrait sketched by a rebel hand. This is what they get for standing by the slaveholders in times past, and for their efforts to save slavery now from impending destruction!

"The people of the North are divided into two parties, in the present war, as in the peace that preceded it—the conservatives and destructives. The latter are our old enemies, the Abolitionists, who are crazy people—honest, perhaps, in their fanaticism, but fit only for a straight-jacket. The former are our old friends, who used to declare that they loved us better than themselves, and that, before an army of invasion should march against the South, it should march over their dead bodies. It seems to be supposed that they have changed their character, and been merged by the war into one seething cauldron of Abolitionists. This, however, is a great mistake. The war has not changed their character, but only discovers it to the world. It has shown them to be the falsest, the most treacherous, and the most hypocritical of mankind. But for conservative money and conservative men, it could not be carried on a single day. Conservative cities have provided the cash and the soldiers; conservative Generals have led their armies; conservatism has, in fine, provided the most formidable of our enemies. We are not aware of a single Abolitionist General who occupies a conspicuous position in the Federal hosts. McClellan, Rosecranz, and others, are somewhat ultra in their conservatism; and McCook, who said that if he had an Abolitionist in his army he would cut off his ears, is the same who proclaims, 'The South must be subdued or exterminated.'

"The conservatism of these men is still, however, conservatism, only it does not mean, as we formerly supposed, the preservation of the Constitution and the rights of the States, but the conservatism of Northern commerce and manufactures, at any cost whatever to the South—at the cost of every life and hearthstone in its limits—at the cost of converting its whole territory into one vast scene of blood and tears. That is what Northern conservatism means, and nothing else. It is, in a word, the most detestable avarice—a love of money so passionate and absorbing that it would murder a whole people to fill its pockets. That is Northern conservatism! In what is it better than Abolitionism?"

New York Giving Ear to the Cause of the Slave.—Our readers will be glad to learn that the anti-slavery cause is making cheering progress in the city of New York. At the beginning of the year a course of free popular lectures was projected at Continental Hall, in the upper part of the city, at which the working-classes were to be especially invited, to listen to discussions of the great questions of the day from a Republican and Anti-Slavery stand-point. The spacious hall has oftentimes been crowded to its utmost capacity, and the most radical sentiments have not only been freely uttered but loudly cheered. Among the speakers have been Horace Greeley, Dr. Cheever, Oliver Johnson, E. D. Culver, George W. Curtis, Theodore Tilton, and other persons of anti-slavery views. The great success of this course of lectures, in gaining the ear of the people, speedily prompted similar courses in other parts of the city, which are now being held weekly, and at which these same speakers have contributed their services. Many of the attendants are mechanics, who are found, during the next day's nooning, busily discussing the lecture of the previous night. Some of the Wards in which these lectures are held are numerically Democratic, and have pro-slavery Representatives in the State Legislature and in Congress. The anti-slavery cause has never before been brought so near to the great masses of the common people of this city as during the fiery heats of indignation against the South since the outbreak of the rebellion.

Letters from Our Dublin Correspondent we very reluctantly defer, as we do other interesting matter, till next week.

PERSONAL.

The friends of Harriet Tubman, not knowing where a letter would reach her, request us to state that her parents, not having heard from her for three or four months, are suffering great anxiety and no little want on account of her absence.

We perceive from reports of the recent annual prize declamation by the scholars of the English High School of Boston, one of the first prizes was taken by John C. Francis, a colored boy. The subject of his declamation was—"The Rendition of Fugitive Slaves."

Hon. John Hickman, who has represented in Congress the Chester (Pa.) District for three consecutive terms, positively declines a reëlection. The people of that District will be fortunate indeed if they succeed in finding a man worthy to take his place. He is a man of superior intellect, a capital speaker and writer, and hates slavery with his whole heart.

A good story is told of Commodore Farragut. Before the bombardment of the Forts below New Orleans, the commanders of the English and French vessels of war near at hand had desired to communicate with them. This was agreed to. After the foreign captains returned, they informed Capt. Farragut that it was useless for him to attempt to take the forts—that no wooden vessels afloat could reduce them or pass them. Farragut replied: "I was sent here to make the attempt. You may be right, but I came here to take New Orleans; to pass the forts; and *I shall try it on!*"

EMANCIPATION JUBILEE.

CELEBRATION BY THE COLORED PEOPLE OF NEW YORK.

The colored people of this city and the surrounding towns united in celebrating, on Monday last, the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia. We avail ourselves of *The Tribune's* report of what was said and done:

"The exercises of the day began by a well-attended prayer-meeting in Shiloh Presbyterian Church, at 5 o'clock in the morning. Throughout the day every arriving conveyance from the adjacent towns poured in contributions of colored people coming to join in the celebration.

"At 3 o'clock the National flag was raised on the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street, in presence of several thousands of the citizens generally. Eloquent speeches were made on the occasion by the Rev. H. H. Garnet, the Rev. John Dungy of Sing Sing, the Rev. Mr. Berry, recently from Tennessee, and others. As the flag was thrown to the breeze, thirteen newly arrived contrabands from Virginia were taken under its protection.

"In the evening about 3,500 ladies and gentlemen assembled, or rather crowded into the great hall of the Cooper Institute. Mr. John Peterson occupied the chair, and was supported by seventy-six Vice-Presidents and twelve Secretaries. The people were from Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Harlem, Astoria, Jamaica, Flushing, Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Hudson, Catskill, Albany, Troy, Newark, Paterson, Jersey City, and other places.

"On the platform were observed the Rev. Dr. Cheever, the Rev. Alfred Cookman, the Rev. Mr. Davis, Dexter Fairbank, E. D. Culver, the Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, the Rev. H. H. Garnet, the Rev. John T. Raymond, the Rev. H. W. Wilson, James McCune Smith, M.D., George T. Downing, John J. Zuille, the Hon. C. C. Leigh, the Rev. C. B. Ray, Patrick H. Reason, Peter S. Porter, Ransom F. Wake, the Rev. John Dungy of Sing Sing, the Rev. Theodore D. Miller and Stephen Myers of Albany, and the Rev. E. J. Adams of Newark.

"The exercises were opened by the Rev. John F. Raymond in an appropriate and earnest prayer.

"Mr. Peterson, the Chairman, spoke at some length, setting forth the object of the meeting.

"Mr. John Zuille offered a preamble and resolution, expressing gratitude for the act of emancipation in the District of Columbia, and recognizing it as the first dawning of liberty; the redemption of the Capital of the United States; the advance of public opinion, and the downfall of the Slave Power. They also deprecated any appropriation of the public money for the purpose of colonization, believing that the country could not at the present time spare it, and that in itself it was gratuitous and uncalled for.

"The Rev. Henry Highland Garnet was received with great applause. After referring to the object of the meeting, he paid a lofty tribute to the worth and the honesty of the President of the United States. He said they had reason to be grateful for the power of petition, as it had succeeded both with God and with the government. It was good cause for rejoicing that slavery was no longer national, but sectional, and that freedom had become national by the Congressional Act, purging the District of Columbia of slavery. They had also cause for rejoicing for the passage of Mr. Lovejoy's bill, prohibiting slavery in all the Territories of the United States (tremendous cheering). The speaker then referred to the new beauty which the stars and stripes now assumed before all the nations of the earth; the folly of entertaining the slightest thought of colonizing the emancipated slaves. He said that new duties would present themselves for the colored people from that time henceforward, and they must be ready to answer the call of their country to stand up for the promotion of its interests, and the establishment of human liberty. In concluding, he paid a high tribute to the great champions of freedom who had long since gone to their rest; also to the Rev. Dr. Cheever and the hero of Harper's Ferry, John Brown. He proposed three cheers for the Union, the President, the Congress, and John Brown, "while his soul is marching on," respectively. The cheers were given in each case with a hearty vehemence seldom surpassed at any of our largest public meetings. The effect of these cheers and the waving of the snow-white handkerchiefs, was electric upon those who occupied seats upon the platform.

"George T. Downing briefly reviewed the dark days of the past, and the hopes of the colored people through an age of prejudice and oppression. Those days were now vanished, and they could rely upon justice and law. When the history of the present war shall be written, it will record of the colored men of every loyal State in the Union that, when the national existence was threatened, they sprang to their feet and volunteered their services to their country. That their offer was spurned was the fault of the government. He warned the government that, should they fail to abolish slavery throughout the length and breadth of the land, the nation would hold them responsible for any future misfortune which might befall the Southern States.

"Wm. J. Wilson characterized the men who came to these shores in the Mayflower as men of principle and purpose; and those who landed in Virginia as men whose principle was acquisition and power.

"Dr. James McCune Smith delivered an able and eloquent speech upon the fallen plans and purposes of the slaveholders, and the rising hopes of the people who love good government. One prop after another had been knocked away from the support of slavery, and in the general crash, the strength of the Church, a power which it had always quoted and had long held, had yielded to the great popular sentiment, which demanded an unbroken Union, a strong government, and the abolition of slavery.

"The Rev. Dr. Cheever, being loudly called for, rose and delivered a brief address, congratulating the colored people on the grand success which had attended their demonstration in honor of that noble act of Congress which had introduced 3,000 immortal beings into a new system—which had made them the children of Freedom. He was glad to unite with them in their rejoicing, and trusted to the government for further steps in the march of liberty.

"After the adjournment of the Cooper Institute meeting, a large number of the young people transferred themselves to the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, where mirth and dancing abounded till the morning.

"Another portion of the audience retired to the Ladies' Bazaar in Bond street, for the benefit of the Colored Home.

"Altogether, the day was made worthy of the great event which it was intended to commemorate."

Freedom of the Capital.—At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held May 8th, 1862, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we hail the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, as the first ripe sheaf of our harvest; joyfully and gratefully accepting it as ample recompense for our thirty years of anti-slavery labor; and that we wait with increased faith and confident hope for the perfect consummation of the glorious enterprise to which the American Abolitionists have dedicated their lives.

Sarah Pugh, President.

Gulielma M. Jones, Mary Grew, } Secretaries.

Rumors from Over the Water.—The Paris correspondence of *Indépendance Belge* asserts, in the most positive manner, that the projected intervention by France and England in the affairs of America is confirmed. The South will be required to guarantee the emancipation of her slaves. The same authority says that a secret treaty exists between France and Spain, providing for the early abolition of slavery in Cuba.

This Number of The Standard will be sent to many persons whose names are not on our subscription list, in the hope that they will be pleased to read some of the anti-slavery speeches to be found therein. If any of these persons shall be led thereby to discover the value of such a paper at the present crisis, and to send us their names as subscribers, we shall be not a little gratified. The Standard, it is not improper for us to say, is highly esteemed by many leading and influential citizens as a record of the most important events and thoughts of the time. In point of variety the present number is, of course, not a fair specimen, the principal portion of our space being absorbed by anniversary speeches and proceedings; but it is not often that two such addresses as those of Mr. Phillips, to which we this week give place, are found in one sheet.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, May 12, 1862.

"We have too many lawyers in Congress!" This was the exclamation of an earnest and intelligent friend of the slave in my hearing a few days since. He was impressed with the undeniable fact that Republican lawyers in the house and Senate (a few, not all of them), the moment some practical measure against slavery is under consideration, contrive to see constitutional and legal difficulties in the way of any action. If it is the Confiscation bill that is up, then it is found impossible to adopt a measure that will catch a rebel and is at the same time constitutional. If it is a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, then too men have constitutional doubts, and finally when Mr. Lovejoy proposes to abolish slavery in all the territories, dock-yards, arsenals and other places where the United States has exclusive jurisdiction, *Republican* lawyers argue that Congress cannot abolish slavery, or ought not to abolish slavery in those places!" What does this mean? Are the Republicans afraid to carry out the principles upon which they were elected to office? A few of them act as if they were. When it comes right down to the sticking-point, some of these honorable gentlemen begin to tremble, and shirk the responsibilities upon them. Judge Thomas argues that Congress cannot constitutionally abolish slavery in a dock-yard without providing compensation for the slaves liberated. Here is the exact position, taken from *The Globe*:

Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts—Will the gentleman call to mind the fact that the bill for the emancipation in the District of Columbia provided a reasonable compensation, while this bill provides none whatever?

Mr. Stevens—I will. If any gentleman supposes that the compensatory portion of that bill renders it constitutional, when it was not so before, I can understand the gentleman's objection. But I did not suppose that that was anything more than a question of justice. I did not suppose, indeed I have hardly heard, that anybody doubted the power of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia without compensation.

Mr. Mallory—Do I understand the gentleman from Pennsylvania to intimate that he regards the consideration of the subject suggested by the gentleman from Massachusetts as of very small importance, because it is a mere matter of justice?

Mr. Stevens—I am only speaking of the constitutional question. If the gentleman desires to inquire in reference to any other point, I will hear him with pleasure.

Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts—Will the gentleman allow me to call his attention to what he is entirely familiar with—I mean the fifth article of the amendments to the Constitution—which provides *that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation?* I believe that the bill for the emancipation of slaves in the District of Columbia came within that provision; and whether you call it property or not, *there was such a right in the loyal masters in the slaves* in this District that we were bound to afford compensation.

Mr. Stevens—I did not know that the gentleman held that doctrine. It is so rare a doctrine in the free States that I did not know that anyone from that quarter held it. I supposed, in reference to the question of slavery, that wherever the government had exclusive power they had the right to do with it as the States did with it—abolish it without compensation. *Does any man doubt that the States have that right?*

Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts—Yes, sir.

Mr. Stevens—Then there is one doubter that will not be damned for that.

Mr. Wickliffe—Where has it been abolished without compensation?

Mr. Stevens—In Pennsylvania.

Mr. Wickliffe—That was abolition *post nati*, and not an abolition of slavery.

Mr. Stevens—If I am rightly informed, New York did the same thing. I may be mistaken in reference to another State, but I think Massachusetts never made any compensation. I never heard that she did. I do not believe there is any man from the free States, except the gentleman *from the Boston district*, who ever doubted that the legislative power of any locality, where they have the exclusive jurisdiction, have the right to abolish slavery without compensation; and this is the first time I ever heard the opposite idea suggested by a man from a free State, and I trust in God it is the last, for it is no credit to a free State to entertain such an idea.

Mr. Hooper—To whom does the gentleman refer as from the Boston district?

Mr. Stevens—I carried him as near Boston as I could; for I did not like to say from the Quincy district, for that would seem such a humiliation.

The italics are mine. Excuse the length of the quotation. I have not a word to utter against Mr. Thomas. If these are his views, he is courageous in uttering them; but is it not saddening to see Massachusetts uttering such a voice in this crisis? Mr. Roscoe Conkling, of Utica, seems to have doubts respecting the right of Congress to abolish slavery in that territory ceded to the United States on the express condition that slavery should not be abolished. He had no doubt respecting *the power* of Congress to do it, but he had as to the justice of the proceeding. He said:

"To be more specific, I answer my friend that I do not suppose at all, as a question of constitutional power, that the fact that North Carolina put into her deed of cession these words, 'provided always that no regulation made or to be made by Congress shall tend to emancipate slaves,' overrides the right which Congress would otherwise have to legislate there. On the contrary, I think that such a stipulation as that addresses itself rather *to the consideration of good faith subsisting between the grantor and the grantee*, and I do not think it goes so much to the naked question of power. That is my impression."

Mr. Olin, Republican, of Troy, did not agree to this. He believed that the grant would hold, and that under such circumstances Congress had not the power to abolish slavery. This is exactly what he said:

"But it does strike me that if the grant was made on that condition, and if the condition be violated, the grant is void, and would be held void by every enlightened court, unless such condition was held to be against public policy. The condition would not fail. But I throw that out merely as an opinion of first impression, entitled to very little weight, doubtless, with this House."

The House did not come to a vote on the bill on Friday, but it came up to-day. It is, to say the least, quite doubtful if the bill will pass. Perhaps it is well, but it seems very strange that one of the principles for which the Republicans have been contending for years should be trampled under foot at a time when slaveholders are in armed rebellion against the government.

There are, however, a great many encouraging signs at the present hour, in and out of Congress. The passage of the Arizona bill, which directly prohibited slavery therein, is a great triumph for freedom. There is naturally much anxiety on the part of anti-slavery Republicans to pass certain bills while they have the majority to do it. The slaveholders have gone off into an infamous rebellion, and they cannot complain if in their absence from the halls of Congress laws have been enacted which they could have defeated if they had remained loyal. Certainly there can be no objection in the mind of an honest Republican to pass such measures as he has advocated before the people during the last ten years.

The Democratic Address is a prominent political event of the week. It comes from the camp of the white-feather Democracy. It will do Republicanism a great deal of good, and not one bit of harm. The best thing that can happen to the Republicans (who certainly have numerous sins to answer for before the people) is for such men as Vallandigham to connect themselves with the movement to revive the Democratic party. Of the few Democrats who sign the Address more than half are "white-feathers," and several of them have been suspected of disloyalty. Richardson, of Illinois, one of the lieutenants of Douglas, heads the list of signers. He is an old political hack—broken down, used up, "played out," to use an expressive slang phrase, and ready to go into any new business. Because he came from Illinois and drinks whiskey by the barrel, some of his friends will have it that he represents Douglas, but he is no more like the great Democratic leader than a mouse is like a mountain. Douglas was a great man—Richardson *is not*. The only respectable name to the Address (in a political sense) is that of Richardson. The other names, Vallandigham, Voorhees, Pendleton, Allen, Ancona, Shiel, White, Low and others, have long been known to be the opponents of this war. *They* got up this movement to break down the war and to give the rebels a chance to recover from their defeats. It is very lucky, as I have said, for the Republicans, that such a movement is made, as it will tend to make the Democratic party responsible for the notions of these Peace-Democrats.

The *second* attempt of the pro-slavery men to organize was made on Saturday, at a caucus in the Representatives' Hall. But two men who have ever acted with the Republicans were drawn into it—Mr. Sheffield of R. I., and Mr. Kellogg of Illinois. Sheffield was not elected a Republican, and Kellogg has for a long time been a *doubtful* Republican. The game is—*a compromise with the rebels*. This is what the Democrats, slave State men, and others of that stripe, are after, depend upon it. Close up the war with fresh guarantees for slavery! This is the new cry—and it will fail. The people of the free States won't be caught by compromises again. Crittenden, Richardson, Kellogg, Sheffield and others do not believe this, and will try the old dodge over again.

The news from Norfolk is very inspiriting. It is said here that the movement upon Norfolk originated with Wool. The President and Stanton gave their consent, though some of the military authorities were against it. Wool has been clamoring for six months for the privilege of taking Norfolk. Gen. McClellan opposed the project until such time as his plans were fully matured. It is also said that Gen. McClellan opposed the movement against New Orleans. I would not allude to these rumors but for the attack upon the President and Mr. Stanton by the friends of the General. They cry out—"Mr. Stanton has interfered with McClellan's plans!" What does this mean? It means just this: the President, as Commander-in-Chief, has listened to the plans of all his great Generals and given each what troops he could spare. So, too, Fremont, Halleck, Banks, and McDowell might complain, "Our plans have been interfered with—we have not had all the troops we asked for!" *Of course* the President interferes with the plans of his Generals when he believes it his duty to do so, but he has interfered less with McClellan than with any other General, as he says himself. McClellan is a very able General, and he will win great renown undoubtedly from this war—especially if his injudicious friends will cease their attempts to get up an antagonism between him and the President. For it should be remembered that Gen. McClellan is not Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, but that *Mr. Lincoln is!* Avon.

Proceedings of Congress.

PETITIONS IN FAVOR OF SLAVERY.

In the Senate May 7, Mr. Kennedy [Opp.] of Md., presented petitions of citizens of Maryland asking for the immediate and unconditional repeal of the law abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and for the better enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. Also a petition of W. D. Lewis, asking for compensation for a slave who was appropriated to the military service of the government.

COMMITTEE ON CONFISCATION.

All the propositions before the Senate relating to Confiscation have been referred to a Select Committee, consisting of Messrs. Clark [chairman], Collamer, Harlan, Cowan, Wilson [Mass.], Harris, Sherman, Henderson and Willey. This Committee, we learn, will probably report this week, so that their bill may be disposed of before the Tax bill is taken up. There is reason to believe that the members forming the majority are drawing nearer together every meeting, and that a bill is slowly shaping itself.

PROHIBITION OF SLAVERY IN ARIZONA.

In the House on the 8th, the bill to organize the Territory of Arizona was passed. It repeals all laws in the organization of the Territory recognizing the relation of master and slave, and prohibits slavery therein.

EDUCATION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

On the 9th inst., the Senate passed, 28 to 7, the bill providing for the education of the colored people in the District of Columbia. Heretofore the colored people have been taxed to support schools to which their children were denied admission. On motion of Mr. Wilson of Mass., a section was added to the bill, providing that all persons of color in the District of Columbia be subject and amenable to the same laws as free white persons, and be tried for offenses in the same manner as free persons, and, if convicted of any crime against the law, be liable to the same penalty and punishment, and no other, than free white persons are liable to for the same crime; and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent, are hereby repealed. The amendment repeals the Black Code of the District.

THANKS TO GEN. M'CLELLAN.

In the House on the 9th, Mr. Lovejoy offered resolutions of thanks to Gen. McClellan for his recent acts. They were adopted.

COLLECTION OF TAXES IN THE REBEL STATES.

The Senate, on Monday, passed Mr. Doolittle's bill providing for the collection of taxes in insurrectionary districts. It requires the President to declare by proclamation in what States insurrection exists, whereupon the real estate in them is to become charged with its portion of the direct tax imposed by the act of last session. In default of payment within sixty days, the title in fee simple rests in the United States, and the property shall be sold by a board consisting of three Tax-Commissioners in each State, at a price not less than two-thirds the assessed value. The owner may, however, within sixty days after the sale, upon appearing before the Board in person, taking the oath to support the Constitution, and paying the tax, with fifteen per cent. interest, from the date of the President's proclamation, with expenses, redeem his property. Minors, etc., are allowed two years to redeem, and the Commissioners are authorized to extend the time, where loyal persons have sufficient excuse for delay; and the Commissioners may lease lands abandoned by rebel owners, taking care to require lessees to employ, on wages, persons and families resident upon the land. They may also sell the same in parcels not to exceed 320 acres, to each purchaser, who must be a citizen, or a soldier, or a sailor, and must pay one-fourth of the purchase money down, and the residue within three years. One quarter of the proceeds of these sales is to be paid absolutely to the Governor of the State within which the real estate is situated, one quarter to the State as a Colonization Fund, and the rest into the Treasury. Only three Senators voted against the bill.

BORDER STATE INSOLENCE.

On Monday, the Senate having under consideration a resolution fixing the time of final adjournment, Mr. Davis of Kentucky, with true plantation insolence, said:

"There was great danger of too much legislation. A great deal of the legislation had been of the most mischievous character, and he wanted to set an early day for the adjournment so we could not pass any more such acts. You have passed measures at this session which are unconstitutional, and iniquitous, and unwise, and which will be resisted by the whole white population of Kentucky, and such as I will counsel my people to resist by every mode of resistance they can devise."

Mr. Wilson of Mass. called Mr. Davis to order, and rebuked him in terms of deserved severity. He said:

"The Senator uses language which patriotism cannot sanction. It is language that treason, in days past, has uttered on this floor, and in the other House. Traitors who uttered these words here in our ears years ago, who made these halls ring with their treasonable utterances, are now in armed rebellion against the government and the country. I do not wish to hear their language repeated here now by any one, whether they have the courage to follow their example or not. It is language borrowed from the Davises, Toombses, the Breckinridges, and the men who sat here year after year threatening the destruction of their country, and then turned their backs upon us, took up arms, and raised the banners of revolt against the nation."

FREEDOM IN THE TERRITORIES.

In the House on the 9th, Mr. Lovejoy (Rep., Ill.) called up the bill to secure freedom to all persons within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal government, to the end that freedom may remain the fundamental law of the land, and in all places whatsoever, so far as it lies within the power or depends upon the action of the government of the United States to make it so; therefore,

"Resolved, That slavery and involuntary servitude, in all cases whatsoever (other than in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted), shall henceforth cease and be prohibited in all the following places, viz:

"First: In all the Territories now existing, or hereafter to be formed or acquired in any way.

"Second: In all places purchased by the United States, with the consent of the Legislatures of the several States, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings.

"Third: In all vessels on the high seas and on all national highways beyond the territory and jurisdiction of each of the several States, from which or to which the said vessels may be going.

"Fourth: In all places whatsoever, where the National government is supreme, or has exclusive jurisdiction and power.

"Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That any person now held, or attempted to be held hereafter as a slave, in any of the places above-named, is hereby declared to be free, and the rights of freedom, hereby declared, may be asserted in any of the Courts of the United States, or of the several States, in behalf of the party or her posterity, after any lapse of time, upon the principle that a party once free is always free."

Mr. Lovejoy moved the previous question, but it was not sustained. The House, however, refused, 64 to 50, to lay the bill on the table. On Monday, Mr. Lovejoy modified the bill as follows:

"To the end that Freedom may be and remain forever the fundamental law of the land in all places whatsoever, so far as it lies within the power or depends upon the action of the government of the United States to make it so, therefore,

"*Be it enacted, etc.*, That slavery, or involuntary servitude, in all cases whatsoever, other than in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall henceforth cease and be prohibited forever in all the territories of the United States now existing or hereafter to be formed or acquired in any way."

Mr. Cox (Dem., Ohio) moved to lay the bill on the table.

Motion disagreed to by Yeas 49, Nays 81.

Mr. Lovejoy moved to strike out the preamble.

Mr. Cox wished to amend it by saying:

"An act to carry out the Chicago Platform and dissolve the Union."

Mr. Lovejoy's motion was agreed to.

The bill was then passed by Yeas 85, Nays 50, as follows:

Yeas.—Messrs. Aldrich, Alley, Arnold, Ashley, Babbett, Baker, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair (Mo.), Blair (Penn.), Blake, Buffinton, Campbell, Chamberlain, Clark, Colfax, F. A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Cutler, Davis, Dawes, Delano, Diven, Duell, Dunn, Edgerton, Edwards, Eliot, Ely, Fenton, Fessenden, Franchot, Frank, Gooch, Granger, Hall, Harrison, Hickman, Hooper, Horton, Hutchins, Julian, Kelly, Kellogg (Ill.), Lansing, Loomis, Lovejoy, McKnight, McPherson, Mitchell, Moorehead, Morrill (Me.), Morrill (Vt.), Olin, Pike, Parker, Porter, Rice (Mass.), Rice (Mo.), Riddle, Rollins (N. H.), Sargeant, Sedgwick, Shanks, Sheffield, Shellabarger, Stearns, Stratton, Thomas (Mass.), Train, Trimble, Trowbridge, Van Horn, Walton (Vt.), Washburne, Wheeler, White (Ind.), Wilson, Windom, Worcester.

Nays.—Messrs. Allen, Ancona, Bailey (Pa.), Biddle, Blair (Va.), Brown (R. I.), Brown (Va.), Calvert, Casey, Clements, Cobb, Cox, Cravens, Crisfield, Crittenden, Dunlap, English, Grider, Haight, Hall, Harding, Holman, Johnson, Kerrigan, Knapp, Law, Lazear, Leary, Lehman, Mallory, Maynard, Menzies, Morris, Noell, Odell, Perry, Phelps (Mo.), Richardson, Robinson, Segar, Steele (N. Y.), Steele (N. J.), Thomas (Md.), Vibbard, Voorhees, Wadsworth, Ward, Wenster, Wickliffe, and Woodruff.

Mr. Lovejoy moved, and the House agreed to amend the title of the bill by making it read, "An act to secure freedom to all persons within the Territories of the United States."

In the Senate, on Tuesday, the two following resolutions, introduced by Mr. Sumner, were adopted:

Resolved, That the Select Committee on the Confiscation of Rebel Property be directed to consider the expediency of providing that in all judicial proceedings to confiscate the property and free the slaves of rebels, there shall be no exclusion of any witness on account of color.

Resolved, That the Select Committee on the Confiscation of Rebel Property be directed to consider the expediency of providing that our soldiers, engaged in the suppression of the rebellion, may be entitled to bounty lands out of the real estate of the rebels.

Chronicles of the War.

The Capture of New Orleans.

We cannot find room for the full and authentic accounts, received since our last, of the capture of New Orleans. The achievement is one of the most wonderful in all the history of modern warfare, and offers a most striking illustration of Yankee ingenuity, perseverance and pluck. It has utterly astounded the Rebels, for they thought their fortifications absolutely impregnable. Forts Jackson, St. Phillip, Livingston and Pike are in our possession, together with all the batteries below and above New Orleans, and the whole line of the Mississippi River, from the Gulf to Baton Rouge, and probably to Memphis. The enemy destroyed from eight to ten million dollars worth of cotton and shipping. Our total loss is but 36 killed and 123 wounded; that of the enemy is from 1,000 to 1,500 beside several hundred prisoners. The surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, it appears was induced by the fact that on the 27th, Gen. Butler succeeded in landing troops above them. The fleet, before arriving at the city, on the 25th, silenced two shore batteries, and on the 26th two heavy field works, nine miles above the city, were taken possession of. Two of the enemy's great iron-clad rams were sunk, one floating battery was sunk, and another one was blown up by the rebels themselves. Gen. Butler easily overcame the material defences of New Orleans. He has now the more difficult task before him of overcoming the effects of defeat, wounded pride and mortification; in other words, of bringing the population, not merely into subjection to National authority, but into cheerful and willing subjection. Of the temper appropriate to this result he appears to find little. The popular chagrin and disappointment are too acute to be readily cured. New Orleans, captured, is sour, indignant, insubordinate. Mayor Monroe and all the Aldermen, having refused to take the oath of allegiance, were sent to prison. Gen. Butler had full possession of the city, and had established his headquarters at the St. Charles Hotel. Several regiments had been landed, and the National pickets had been extended as far as the crossing of the Jefferson and Jackson Railroads. The publication of all the newspapers still proceeded, but a censor was established in each office to exclude whatever matter might be thought improper. Gen. Butler had sent a proclamation to all the offices for publication, but the proprietors refused to publish it, whereupon a guard was sent to take possession of *The True Delta* office, the proclamation was put in type by printers from Gen. Butler's army, and it was published in the issue of the 2d inst. It is firm in its tone, stringent in its provisions, and contains no pledge in behalf of slavery.

Occupation of Norfolk.

On Sunday the country was startled by intelligence that Gen. Wool had taken possession of Norfolk, Portsmouth and the Gosport Navy Yard without a battle, and that the rebels had blown up the invincible "Merrimac" to keep it from falling into our hands. The movement against Norfolk, to which the shelling of Sewall's Point was preliminary, was commenced on Saturday morning, Gen. Wool landing 5,000 men at Willoughby Point, at a place selected by President Lincoln himself, who was one of the first to step on shore. Gen. Wool commanded in person, and was accompanied in his progress by Secretary Chase. A rebel battery was found on the opposite side of Tanner's Creek, about five miles from the landing-place, from which a few ineffectual shots were fired at our forces; after which the rebels burned the bridge there, thus compelling Gen. Wool to make a detour of five miles. Our forces arrived within a short distance of Norfolk about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when they were met by a delegation of citizens, and the city was formally surrendered. Gen. Huger, in command of the rebel forces there, marching out without a battle. Portsmouth, of course, fell with Norfolk, and the Navy Yard again came into possession of the government. All the property in the Navy Yard, with the exception of the Hospital, was destroyed. The destruction in steamboat property alone was immense. Two iron-clad floating batteries in course of construction were partially burnt, but it is probable that they can yet be made available in service against the rebels. After the occupation of Norfolk by our forces, Gen. Wool issued a proclamation assuring protection to the citizens in their legitimate avocations, and Gen. Viele, as Military Governor, subsequently issued another to the same effect. Our latest advices represent everything quiet there. Most of the stores were closed, and the prices of almost everything were astonishingly high, but it was expected that these things would change in a few days, under the operations of Yankee enterprise. Confederate notes were already refused in many places, and gold and silver were welcomed with enthusiasm by all classes of the people, many of whom had seen none for many months. The Norfolk *Day Book* was to be continued as an afternoon paper, under proper restrictions. Great quantities of tobacco appear to have been destroyed in the vicinity of Norfolk, as the Elizabeth river, between that city and Portsmouth, was colored by what had been thrown into it.

McClellan's Advance.

McClellan is advancing toward Richmond with a large force, supported by a fleet of gunboats on the James River. At Williamsburg there was a bloody battle, resulting in a Union victory. The rebel army, lately at Yorktown, is in full flight, and it is not yet certain that it will make a stand this side of Richmond, or even there. That Gen. McClellan will be in Richmond within a few days there is not much room for doubt.

Trade with the South.

The President has issued a proclamation declaring that the blockade of the ports of Beaufort, Port Royal and New Orleans shall so far cease and determine from and after the 1st of June next, that commercial intercourse with those ports, except as to persons and things and information contraband of war, may from that time be carried on, subject to the laws of the United States, and to the limitations and in pursuance of the regulations which are prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury. In accordance with this proclamation, Secretary Chase has issued a circular prescribing the rules by which the trade with these reopened ports must be regulated.

Special Notices.

Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends.—The Tenth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will convene at Longwood, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on FIFTH DAY (Thursday), the 5th of Sixth month (June), 1862. Those who cherish the principles and the spirit of this Religious Society, as set forth in its "Exposition of Sentiments," are cordially invited to attend. Among those who are confidently expected to be present are William Lloyd Garrison and Theodore Tilton.

Friends of Human Progress.—The Fourteenth Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held in Friends' meeting-house, near the village of Waterloo, in the County of Seneca, N. Y., on Friday, the 30th day of May next, commencing at 10 o'clock a.m., and continue through Saturday and Sunday.

To this meeting all without distinction of creed, sect or name, are invited to come, especially all earnest friends and well-wishers to the human race, all who aspire for enfranchisement and elevation of life, the attainment of clearer light, higher freedom, and greater excellence.

Gifted speakers from abroad will be present, who will enrich and refresh with their words of admonition and of cheer.

Communications to the meeting should be addressed to I. Lisk, Waterloo, N. Y.

By order of Committee of Arrangements.

Waterloo, N. Y., April 28, 1862.

THE STANDARD.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

THE NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY held its Ninth Anniversary Meeting at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, May 7th. The spacious hall was completely filled by a brilliant and enthusiastic audience, who were addressed by the President, Dr. H. A. HARTT, THEODORE TILTON and WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esqs. The HUTCHINSON BROTHERS were present, and sang some appropriate songs with great acceptance.

The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock by the PRESIDENT, who said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When, last year, the American Anti-Slavery Society postponed its customary annual meeting in this city, the pro-slavery press announced that the Society was dead; though they were not careful to remember the old maxim—"*De mortuis, nil nisi bonum.*" They knew the Society was not dead. They knew that the hour, not of its death, but of its triumph, had come; and that if it had been animated by the spirit of fanaticism so preposterously charged against it, or by any low or selfish consideration, it would not have been able to withstand the temptation, in the presence of an embarrassed government and an excited and bewildered people, to expatiate elaborately upon the storm of Divine retribution which it had so long predicted. Indeed, if it had not been governed by the highest and purest principle, it would have spoken out, and spoken more clamorously than ever. But it stood on the shore of the Red Sea, amid the lightning and the tempest, and with a magnanimity which a great cause inspires, it lost sight of itself, and amid the complicated interests and momentous issues at stake, it stood still for a time, and waited to "see the salvation of the Lord." Now, however, when the first fury of the storm is over, and the nation is beginning to rally from the shock, a voice which it cannot resist, the voice of conscience and of patriotism, commands it to go forward. It was not dead; it did not sleep; it only paused to pray, and gird itself anew, "to save its bleeding country and the State" (applause).

After a song by the HUTCHINSONS, the President introduced THEODORE TILTON, Esq., as the first speaker of the evening.

Speech of Theodore Tilton.

MY FRIENDS: If, in a time of work like this, it seems idle to talk, remember that freedom owes a debt to speech. That tyranny which holds men, women and children to-day in cruel bonds, still dreads an indignant word more than a two-edged sword. The Slave Power has so long laid its finger upon men's lips, that even now, there are loyal citizens and soldiers who tremble to speak a rude word of that haughty system against which they are pointing their guns. It strangely happens, that words are braver than deeds; their place is nearer the van of the battle. What this nation needs, at this hour, more than a victory, is the spoken word of the people—the consenting voice of the dense millions of the North—from every legislative hall, from every pulpit, from every platform, from every press, from every cottage where an honest man sits to-night at his hearthstone pondering the welfare of the country, from every heart that loves the Republic—echoing in one chorus from the seaboard to the prairies the spontaneous and irresistible appeal of a free people to its government, demanding, in tones of thunder, that henceforth Liberty shall be the one law of the whole land (loud applause)—resting impartially upon all conditions, all colors, and all classes, knitting the nation into one brotherhood, and winning down upon us the blessing of God, the Father of all!

Why is this civil war in the land? When a great principle starts in the world and seeks to make its record among men, it takes a pen and writes itself upon charters and statutes, if men will read; but if they refuse, it takes the sword, a ruder pen, and writes the same lesson in blood upon battle-fields. Eighty years ago, Liberty in this land wrote her fair name upon that scroll which declared all men equal and all men free; but as half the nation has refused to read, she is writing the record afresh in blood. The warning for the hour is, that the nation, having passed unheeded the first lesson, shall be wise to accept the second.

The Providence that guides history is working out the redress of a great human wrong; such a wrong as you and I can never know; such a wrong as no words have power to paint; such a wrong, that when a man thinks of it solemnly, it strikes him dumb. I thank God that the story of American slavery never can be told. It would be too much bitterness for any human soul to know. Broken hearts, crushed hopes, heroism, suffering, tears—these would be its recital. The Jews would not set their feet upon a piece of paper in the street, for, said they, peradventure the name of God may be written upon it. How much greater is the crime when men set their feet, not upon the name of God on a piece of paper, but upon the image of God in a living man! But the hour has come when this unutterable wrong is passing away. The book of sorrows is closing. This is a golden day, sir, this May festival of ours! We are standing, like Raphael's Saint Margaret, in the picture, with our feet upon the great dragon, and the palm of victory in our hands (applause).

What are the signs of the times? Is it true that he who makes the songs of a people need not ask to make their laws? Two years and a half ago, the body of a brave man was borne away from a scaffold whereon he suffered an honorable death. Out of his grave rose a weird and witching song. That song is now the soul of all the laws of Congress and all the proclamations of the President!

That is a sign of the times. Do you want another? Down in Nassau street, there is an old gentleman's asylum called the Tract Society (laughter.) They have a Constitution which forbids them to publish anything that does not "meet the approbation of all evangelical Christians, North and South." Now, as they have lately put forth a little book against slavery, I suppose that, by the logic of the One-Horse Shay, this is proof that all evangelical Christians, North and South, are now opposed to slavery [laughter]. Yes, sir, the Tract Society is actually out with Wilberforce's speeches against the British slave trade—abolished in 1807. Fifty-five years behind the age! [Merriment.] Why do you laugh at that? I always supposed it was a whole century! I warn my eloquent friend who is to follow me [Mr. PHILLIPS] to be careful of his words to-night, for fifty years hence, the Tract Society may be publishing his speech [renewed merriment]. You remember Capt. Cuttle's watch? He used to say, that if you set it ahead half an hour in the forenoon and quarter of an hour in the afternoon, it would keep time with anybody's watch! That is the Tract Society [laughter and applause].

Well, good friends, laying all mirthfulness aside, I believe that the time has come when we may safely say that the Slave Power is dead. [A VOICE—fervently, "Amen."] But I believe with Montaigne, that "the deadest deaths are the best" [applause]. The question that comes up now is, How shall we see that this death is so dead that it never shall have a resurrection? If we would not commit a great folly, we must be careful, now that we have slavery in our power, now that the hour is ripe for its destruction, now that the duty is laid upon you and me of destroying it forever, we must be careful not to commit the insane folly to which many short-sighted men are urging us day by day. Once, when an Italian city was burst to pieces by an earthquake, and houses and temples were dashed down to crumbling ruin, what did the foolish people do? They gathered up the fragments and straightway rebuilt their city on the same spot, when there came a second earthquake, and smote it down a second time! Now, as slavery has shivered the government with one earthquake, I warn you not to build on the old basis a second time [applause]. If we are to have a new Union, we must have one with slavery left out from under it [applause]. No element of slavery must remain. If we leave even a speck, it will taint, and rot, and corrupt the whole government; for it is true, as Lord Bacon has said, "He that injures one man, threatens a hundred"; and the Slave Power, if we leave it to injure a single slave, will end in threatening the whole nation. Therefore the question comes up, not only how shall slavery be pushed from the throne, not only how it shall be dispossessed of power, but how shall it be utterly annihilated out of the land? How shall we be forever rid of every vestige of it? How shall there be left only the record of what it once was?

A good many methods are before the country. One is confiscation. Now, so far as confiscation will aid freedom, in God's name, speed it; but I believe the Confiscation bill—certainly, as it now stands—will not destroy the institution. It may help, and so far as it may help, so good. Of course, for every slave set free under a confiscation bill, I will give God thanks! Perhaps half a million may be so set free. So much gained—a phalanx of happy hearts. But suppose you can prove that every black man at the South has handled a spade upon the rebel entrenchments, and you set them all at liberty, what blow have you, even then, struck at slavery, and its self-perpetuating power? The slave women remain behind, and the law of slavery is, the child follows the mother. If the mother be a slave, her child is born into bonds. Now, though you have made, under the Confiscation bill, every black man at the South free, do you not see that, still, an undiminished race of slaves is transmitted to the next age? When the third census from this date shall count how many chains are clanking in the land, no man will remember that a Confiscation bill had been passed. I know that many amendments—are there not seventeen of them?—have gone back to the Committee—and some of these will improve the bill, but none of them will improve it so far as to make it adequate to the crisis.

I do not think that the commonly quoted theory of "contraband of war" will settle the question. We all laughed at the witticism of the Massachusetts General, when, looking a black man in the face, he forgot to see a slave, but, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, espied a "contraband." It was a good discovery. But how far will it go toward practically settling the question? An article, contraband of war, in passing from its owner to its captor, does not carry its title with it, except it first go through a prize court, and come out properly labelled, "contraband." Now, I should like to know how many years of litigation it will take to carry four million of slaves through a prize court, until each man shall come out with the name "contraband" written upon his forehead? Then, as we are all just now looking into the text-books, it may be as well to know what Wheaton tells us, that, to complete the idea of contraband, there is a necessary element of bulk. That is to say, cannon balls are contraband of war, but one cannon ball is not contraband; for, though it was said that one cannon ball might shoot off the head of Charles the Twelfth, the reply was, that the one ball was not likely to have so lucky an aim. Now, grant it, that slaves are contraband—one slave is not contraband [laughter]. Now, if you will whisper that secret to the trooping fugitives that besiege the gates of Fortress Monroe, I give you my word for it they will pass under the arch in single file, and the witticism of the Massachusetts General will be outwitted [laughter]. Then, there is the higher reason against it—that neither you nor I dare to call anything "contraband" on earth to which God gives free entry into heaven [loud applause].

Another method, which this night's telegrams are bringing to us from Washington, as coming out of the brain, specially, of one of the members of the Cabinet, is the idea of ridding ourselves of slavery by colonizing the four million slaves. That, certainly, will never settle the question. I do not believe that, in the whole history of American legislation, there was ever a measure proposed to the serious consideration of the people which was, in itself, more unjust, more impracticable, more utterly ruinous, than this scheme of the Postmaster-General, of colonizing laborers out of a country that needs their labor. Colonization is founded in a wrong principle. It is as wrong as any wrong can be, under heaven. What right has any man, looking into the face of another, born on the same soil, to say, "Get you hence, while I remain"? But suppose we could colonize them—who are to come into their vacant places? Will you send your ships and bring over four million of Chinese? I do not believe you would prefer such an exchange. But, no! we can never colonize them. We have not enough ships to bear away such a freight to a foreign shore. You might as well look at the Alleghanies and say to those mountains, "Be ye removed into the sea!" You might as well undertake with your right hand to pluck up the Cedar of Lebanon by the roots, as to attempt to pluck out this nation whose roots have been striking down deep into our soil for two hundred and forty years. No; these men were born on this soil, they have lived on this soil, they will die on this soil; their children and their grand-children will dwell on this soil, within sight of the graves of their fathers. The black man has entered into a league with the sunshine, and they two shall keep perpetual possession of the Cotton States. If anybody is to be colonized, if any people are to be taken out of those States, it will be the slaveholdolders, not their slaves [applause]. Sir Walter Scott had an old servant, who lived many years with him, until finally, Sir Walter grew angry, and said: "Jock, you and I cannot live together any longer under this roof!" To which Jock replied: "Where, then, will your honor go?" [Laughter.] Just as soon as you find the white men of the South saying to the slaves, "We cannot live any longer together on this soil," you will have the black man replying: "Where, then, will massa go?" [Renewed merriment.]

Certainly, you will not be willing to throw the whole slave question back upon the slave States to settle. That is a favorite theory with some; but I do not believe that any man who will thoroughly weigh the whole case, will, in his senses, say that those States that have risen in rebellion are the proper States to take this question out of loyal hands, and settle it, not according to our wish, but according to theirs. The President has made them a magnanimous offer. It will gild every letter of his name in history. He proposes to help those States that propose to help themselves. But suppose they reject the offer—what then? Or suppose they accept the offer, how many years will you give them to emancipate? Twenty? Why, in twenty years, this rebellion may three times repeat itself. My friends, it will be folly and madness to throw this question out of our hands back upon those States. "Recollect," says Lord Brougham, quoting Mr. Canning, "Recollect the memorable warning of Mr. Canning, given thirty years ago"—now sixty—"and proved true by every day's experience since: 'Have a care how you leave to the owners of slaves the task of making laws against slavery. *While human nature remains the same, they never can be trusted with it.*'"

Sir, there is but one way which is safe and simple. It is an act of necessity, an act of justice, an act of humanity, an act of courage. It is the lifting of the arm of the war power for the blow of Universal Emancipation [loud applause]. Do you say, the power is too limited? Well, when the Spartan son said his sword was too short, his father replied—"Add a step to it." If the sword of the war power be too short, let the government add a step to it. I believe that if Oliver Cromwell, rising out of his grave, had stood at the head of the Union armies, he would have marched his regiments against that rebel Senate House at Richmond, driven out the traitors at the point of the bayonet, locked the doors, and nailed on the panels a proclamation of emancipation to all the slaves [applause]. There are three ways in which the war power works. The President may give us emancipation; Congress may give us emancipation; the General at the head of his department may give us emancipation. Now, what we ask is freedom, and as beggars are not to be choosers, we only say, that by one of these ways, or by all of them, in God's name, let the government give us emancipation! [Loud applause.] The President inclines rather to the military than to the civil arm. I will tell you his position. When John Wesley was struggling with himself, whether to lie abed or get up in the morning, he finally settled it in this way. Said he, "John Wesley, *you* may lie there, but *I* am going to get up" [laughter]. I fancy Mr. Lincoln saying to himself—"Well, Mr. President of the United States, you may lie in bed and dream of your duty, but you, Mr. Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, must be up and doing it" [applause].

A very strange idea is entertained by some people, that Congress of itself has no power to emancipate. I will not give you any argument of mine on the question; nor will I quote to you the well-known proof of John Quincy Adams, which everybody knows; but let me read you half a page out of this old book. You see it is yellow-tinted by time. It is Patrick Henry. He was opposed to the Constitution of the United States. He tried to persuade Virginia not to accept it. Why? Because he saw in the war power of that instrument the right of Congress, in time of war, to emancipate Virginia's slaves. Listen:

"All the means in the possession of the people must be given to the government which is entrusted with the public defence. In this State, there are 236,000 blacks, and there are many more in several other States: but there are few or none in the Northern States, and yet, if the Northern States shall be of opinion that our numbers are numberless, they may call forth every national resource. May Congress not say that *every black man must fight?* Did we not see a little of this in the last war? We were not so hard pushed as to make emancipation general: but acts of assembly passed, that *every man who would go to the army should be free!* . . . Let all these considerations, at some future period, press with full force on the minds of Congress, and they will search that paper (the Constitution), and see if they have the power of emancipation. *And have they not, sir?* Have they not power to provide for the general defence and welfare? May they not think that these call for the abolition of slavery? *May they not pronounce all slaves free*, and will they not be warranted by that power? There is no ambiguous implication, or logical deduction. The paper speaks to the point, sir. *They have the power in clear, unequivocal terms, and will clearly and certainly exercise it.*"

God grant they may! [Applause.]

Remember, this is not the argument of a fanatical Abolitionist, urged as a novelty on this platform, but comes down to us, through eighty years, from Patrick Henry, speaking for the slaveholders of Virginia. Has Congress no right to emancipate? Martorelli, the old Italian, spent two years in writing an argument to prove that the ancients did not use glass in their houses; and fifteen days after his laborious scroll was completed, the city of Herculaneum was uncovered, and the first thing seen in it was glass in the windows! [Laughter.] Now, if you tell me that Congress has no power to emancipate the slaves, my only reply is: Wait and see; for I believe that, before the war ends, if it be fought out with desperation to a bitter end, we shall have an act of Congress decreeing universal emancipation [applause]. For, What is statesmanship? It is the application of principles to emergencies in the State. Now, there is an emergency in the State; there is a principle to meet it. The emergency is, slavery mounting up into rebellion. The remedy is, slavery dissolved away by emancipation. When Sir Thomas More was asked how to remedy the corruptions of the Catholic Church, he sat down and wrote a sonnet of "A Ship in a Storm"; the waves rolling and tumbling; the sailors trembling with fear, and crying out, "It is God's anger, fallen upon us by reason of our sins!" At last, one of the Jack-tars said, "Let us go to the priest and confess." So they all knelt to a priest on board, and confessed their sins. But when each had confessed, one said: "Our sins are still on board; they are all in the priest." Whereupon they put their arms round the priest and lifted him overboard [laughter]. Now, in the midst the storm that has fallen upon the ship of State, what avails it that we should go about crying, "It has come upon us by reason of our sin," so long as the sin remains among us? Let us put our arms round it and lift it over into the sea [loud applause].

I have faith that the government is going to do it. We have not had such an administration as this for twenty years past. The government that now sits at Washington is the best government since I was born [applause]. Lord John Russell used to say, "It is the nature of parties, in England, to take advice of men of genius, but to follow the lead of men of character." For years past, in this nation, it has been the custom of parties to take advice of men of no genius, and to follow the lead of men of no character [loud laughter and applause]. Why, who were the representative men of the last Administration? James Buchanan was one—of whom it shall be said, in Shakspeare's words—"James of Lancaster, thou hast deceived me!" [Renewed merriment.] Floyd was another—whose epitaph shall be, in Macaulay's words of Sir Antony Astley Cooper—"Every part of his life reflected infamy on every other" [laughter and applause]. Now, I say, that looking at the government of to-day, and looking at the government of any time during the past forty years, I have high hopes for freedom; because, in the Senate Chamber there are men of principle, men of virtue, men who love liberty. Our Senators have not been sent there, as Ben Jonson's were to Rome, "to keep the marble warm." You know how, on that first day in Congress, every man seemed to vie with every other, who should stoop lowest to unbind the chains of the slave. I have great faith in Congress, but still greater in the people; for, after all, we must lay the burden of the great enterprise upon the people. I am a believer in the people. "*Vox populi, vox Dei*"; but I would that the proverb could be broken in twain and its ends reversed. Make it *Vox Dei, vox populi*. Let us first listen to the voice of God, and make that the voice of the people [loud applause]. But the people are coming to it. They have had a wonderful guiding, under the Providence of God. Do you remember that famous passage in De Tocqueville, written in 1834, where he says, that if at that time, any conflict should have arisen between the Federal government and any of the States, such was the strength of the individual States, such was the weakness of the Federal government, that the States would have triumphed, and the government gone down! Now, that was the time when this conspiracy began to brew. In that hour of weakness, if the war had then been thrust upon us, we should all have been overwhelmed. But God fortified us against it! He stood fashioning for us the shield, while they were forging for themselves the spear! Just one year after those words of the Frenchman were written, there arose an Abolitionist in Boston, and a rope was bound around his waist, and he was dragged through the streets. Why? Men did not then know why. But now, after these twenty years, men look back and see very clearly what it meant. It was to inoculate this nation with that fine virus of fanaticism that should enable it to walk unscathed through this pestilence that now wasteth by noon-day. I tell you that it is by reason of the labors of the early Abolitionists that the Federal government is now enabled to conquer the slave States [applause]. All honor to the early champions of the good cause, for on their venerated heads shall fall historic crowns! [Applause.]

I know that *The Herald* says we are a small party; but we have done great things [laughter]. On every dead wall of this city, there is a picture of little Hop o' my Thumb, Mr. Barnum's protegé, leading a great giant in chains. Well, we are a little party, sir, we are the dwarf among the parties; but we have got a chain round the neck of the great Slave Power, and we are dragging it out of the land [applause]; and, what is more, as that grim giant has always carried *The Herald* in his pocket, we shall drag them both out together [shouts of laughter and applause]. I don't know that I can say anything truer than that, and so I will stop [great applause].

Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., then stepped forward and was received with hearty applause. He said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I take it that the mission of the Abolitionists, this summer, is to endeavor to guide the nation's steps in the untried path of the use of its war powers. We have had a Constitution for seventy years. We have passed through most of the phases of a life of peace. We have exhausted discussion, almost, in regard to the powers of the Executive and of Congress, in times of peace. We have never had a moment when, in any broad sense, the war power of Congress was called into existence, with any direction toward home affairs. Its foreign powers were exercised in the war of 1812, and in the Mexican war, but we have now a new phase of the question—civil war—one half of the nation against the other half; and it has taken us, as a people about twelve months to come to the conclusion that this is a war [laughter]. Mr. Seward did not wake up to the conviction that we are at war for some three or four or six months. His statement to the European governments that this difficulty would subside in ninety days, or sixty, and that the condition of no individual, in the Territories or the States would be altered by the war, whatever the result might be, was based on the supposition that this is not a war, but merely a political difference, such as we had when Jefferson was elected, in 1801—such as we had in Hartford Convention times, 1812 or '14—such as we had in Missouri Compromise times, 1819—such as we had when Texas sent Adams and some score of coadjutors into one wing of the Capitol to proclaim to the North that the time had come which justified, and, in their opinion, called for, a division of the Union—such as we had in 1850, when the Compromise measures were finally passed. In the cabin of one of the national ships sent down to Norfolk to destroy the Navy Yard, there was a foreign-bred officer, who, when he heard they had a year's munitions of war, six months' food, and two thousand cannon planted, fine bulwarks, and two thousand men, offered to take command of two companies, and maintain that Navy Yard for at least three months for the nation—to save six millions of dollars, and all the cannon the South has, that will not burst at the first discharge. The West Point bred officer to whom he was speaking—the son of a distinguished American—took him down into the cabin, and said, in French—"You don't understand this matter; you are a stranger. This is no war, it is only a political difference. We shall settle it in a month or two. It will gratify the South to be allowed to see this destruction—a point of honor yielded to her. We had better surrender this yard; burn and scuttle what we need; we shall the sooner settle it." "Oh," said the foreign officer, "I thought you were fighting; it was a mistake; very well." That was the mistake under which the whole nation rested for six or eight months.

Well, we ran away from Manassas. We gathered another army, and we fought some bloody and gallant fights, such as the world cannot, of late years, show many. This continent was almost virgin soil—hardly a dozen spots marked by the hoof of the demon of war. At last, we have anchored it alongside of Europe and South America. Hundreds of its valleys and mountains are marked with the progress of battle, or its actual conflict; and, blood-stained, blood-soaked, we are to go down to posterity like all other nations emerging from battle. The Anti-Slavery enterprise was launched on the idea that we were a civilized people—that, as in the mother country, argument could decide the question—that nineteen millions of Americans could lift the slave into liberty as easily as England did, without a drop of blood. In that day, orators spoke of peace, and poets sung of it. Sumner was first launched from a lawyer into a statesman by preaching peace on the Fourth day of July to astounded Boston. Longfellow's verse was given to the Springfield Armory, wishing that its swords might be beaten into ploughshares. You remember it. We trusted in pulpits, school-houses and books; we believed that the millennium of brains had come, not bullets. We were right, so far as the north of the Potomac was concerned; but we forgot that this live North, this nineteenth century, with its types and its ideas, was linked, like the man in the classic legend, to the dead carcass of the sixteenh century—with the barbarism, the half-development of the other side of the Potomac. The Jesuit said in Paris, two hundred years ago, "The only light fit to instruct the erring is the *auto-de-fé* of a man burnt for his heresy in opinion." We laughed at it, as a picture of the Sorbonne—dead and buried for two centuries. But a Northerner need travel only five hundred miles, any time within the last ten years, to see his brother burned, for heresy of opinion, under the stars and stripes. The same barbarism, the same picture; and it is because we are tied to that barbarism, that we are obliged to abide to-day the arbitrament of battle—brute force. Brains can argue with brains, but brains cannot argue with brutes. When the bulls of the prairies rebel against man, he shoots them. So, when the bulls of the canebrakes, or of the tobacco lands, or of the cotton islands, rebel against the men of the North, they cannot meet them with pulpit nor school-house; they can only meet them with armies; and that is where the nation has been pushed by the necessity of the struggle.

I say, this new life needs that men should guide the nation's idea carefully in the new time and new crisis. The President is a very slow man; an honest man, but a slow-moving machine [laughter]. On the 4th day of March, 1861, he gave us his inaugural, based on the idea of universal conciliation; based on the idea, as Conway of Cincinnati said, that "he would like to have the Lord Almighty on his side, but he *must* have the State of Kentucky" [laughter and applause]. Then we waited a year—a whole twelve-month—till the 7th of March, 1862—and he took one step. That was, "I can do without the State of Kentucky. I advise you to emancipate, because I can do without you." That is the Border State Message. Now, I express my sincere conviction, with no disrespect to the President, when I say, that I believe he will wait until next March, if left to himself, before he takes another step. He steps by years! [Great merriment.] You see there is a reason for it. The President's policy is, that the Border States must hold out their hands to him. He has held out his hand to them, and said, "Gentlemen, there is the money; will you take it?" They have got to meet in January, and debate whether they will take it. That debate will last two months—till March. He will judge then whether they will accept or not. If he thinks they will not, perhaps he will have a new step to take; but you see he must wait a year before he takes another step. The Border States have not had the magnanimity to summon special sessions of their Legislatures to consider that Message. Perhaps that was not possible. They must ripen a public opinion for it. But, at any rate, I believe President Lincoln, at this moment, means to wait until next March before advancing another step. That is very slow progress. I think, if we can nudge him ahead a little, it will be of great advantage [merriment]. I think, in the meantime, we should ripen public sentiment, so that, if we cannot move the central body, we can make a flank movement, if you please; we can move our pickets ahead, if we cannot move our main body.

You see, here is Johnson, military Governor in Tennessee; and a gentleman who honored us with his presence yesterday morning, Gen. Saxton, I am told, is to go to South Carolina, as military Governor of that State. How does he go? He goes as the representative of the military power of the President of the United States. It is the first time in our history that it has ever been exercised. This sending a military Governor into a sister State, what does it mean?—what power has he?—how shall he use it? Well, you and I are to exercise our fair share of influence in deciding what the power is, and how he shall use it. Let me suggest one or two considerations to you. How does Gen. Saxton go there? If the State of South Carolina exists, he has no right there. If there is a corporation known by the name of the State of South Carolina to-day in existence, Brig.-Gen. Saxton has no right, in the capacity in which the President sends him, to stand on her soil. Why does he go? He goes on the theory of the government, that there is no corporation known to the law called and styled the State of South Carolina; that there is no corporation there competent to do an act, competent to pass a law, competent to record a judgment, competent to initiate an election. You know, in the Dorr case, Mr. Webster argued that the people of Rhode Island could not meet and vote, could not even vote the State into existence, unless some recognized legislative body existed in the State to inaugurate the movement. That is the theory of American institutions. Now, if there exists in the State of South Carolina a body capable of a political act, Gen. Saxton has no right to go there. He goes on the theory that the United States government own the land, and that the United States government hold the people as its subjects; that there is nothing else but land and people, and therefore we send a Governor, in the shape of a Brigadier-General. Well, if he goes there a Brigadier-General, Military Governor of a Territory of the United States, what does he carry? He carries the Republican platform of Chicago—that the Territories of the United States ignore slavery. He carries the pledge of the 1,500,000 votes who sent Abraham Lincoln to Washington, that a Republican Brigadier-General has not spectacles keen enough to see a slave on the territory of South Carolina [applause]. He has no glass that can tell him the difference between white and black. He sees only a man, created in the image of God, competent to vote in the Territories of the United States, and subject to taxation and the laws of the Federal government. I think we are entitled to demand of the Republican party, in possession of the government, whose corner-stone was that they would annihilate the Dred Scott decision, who leapt into the saddle from the horse-block of Taney's bad law—we are entitled to demand of that party, that when, by military power, it takes possession of Tennessee and South Carolina, it shall carry there the only plank in their platform that had any value, that in the Territories of the United States the Federal government can neither make a king nor a slave [applause]. I criticise Andrew Johnson, therefore, because, when he goes to Tennessee, he recognizes slavery. I hope that Brig.-Gen. Saxton, if he goes to South Carolina, will know nothing but citizens, black and white [applause]. If he does, it is our duty to arraign the government; it is our duty to criticise the Administration that makes this total mistake in the theory of its powers. Either the States exist, or they do not exist. If they exist, we have one work to do; if they do not exist, we have another. We are proceeding on the principle that they do not exist. The Commander-in-Chief takes military possession of the lands, in the name of the government, and puts State law under his feet—it has no existence. Whenever the State of South Carolina is to exist, he must call it into being. I would like to see the United States government, under Republican auspices, call a slave State into being!

Now, ladies and gentlemen, this seems to be the channel [our friend has adverted to it] in which the government chooses to advance—that in case the President shall take possession of the territory, he shall, as the military chief, exercise the war power of the government. Grant it! No matter whether it is exercised by Congress or the President, but whichever does exercise it, we must demand that it be exercised consistently; and the path is perfectly clear. We do not need a Confiscation bill. If the President will only use the power that he has, in its totality, there is no need of adverting to the distinction which our friend made in his speech in regard to the condition of the blacks. The United States government cannot make a slave nor a king, and everything South of the Potomac belongs to the United States government, not to the States [applause]. We have conquered it, and it is ours [renewed applause]. Ours by the blood of Pittsburg and Roanoke; ours by the conquest of Yorktown and New Orleans; ours by a thousand million of taxes; ours by the names of Ellsworth and Lyon, and Winthrop and Baker [great applause]. I do not think we have any claim to govern this country on the ground that we have more cannon, more men and more money than the South. That is a bald, brutal superiority. The claim of the North to govern must be founded on the ground that our civilization is better, purer, nobler, higher, than that of the South. Our civilization is ideas, rights, education, labor. This is my doctrine: I hold that the South is to be annihilated. I do not mean the geographical South. That is not the sense in which we have used the word of late. The map will still show the inlets of Roanoke and Ship Island. But when we have used the word "South," of late, we have used it to mean the intellectual, social, aristocratic South—the thing that represented itself by slavery, and the bowie-knife, by bullying and lynch law, by ignorance and idleness, by the claim of one man to own his brother, by statutes making it penal for the State of Massachusetts to bring an action in the Courts, by statutes, existing on the books of Georgia to-day, offering five thousand dollars for the head of William Lloyd Garrison. That South is to be annihilated [loud applause]. The totality of my common sense—or whatever you may call it—is this, all summed up in one word: This country will never know peace nor union until the South, using the word in the sense I have described, is annihilated, and the North is spread over it. I do not care where men go for the power. They may find it in the parchment—I do. I think, with Patrick Henry, with John Quincy Adams, with Gen. Cass, we have got ample constitutional powers; but if we had not, it would not trouble me in the least [laughter and applause]. I do not think a nation's life is locked up in a parchment. I think this is the momentous struggle of a great nation for existence and perpetuity. We have been planted as one; the normal idea of the nation is that it is to be one and indivisible. The mouth of the Mississippi belongs as much to Illinois as to Louisiana. A Massachusetts farmer, who sold out his hundred acres, and took his five thousand or fifty thousand dollars and went out and bought prairie land, cast in his lot with Illinois, gave his children to that civilization, and his twenty years of labor to that soil, on what faith did he do it?—on what conditions did he do it? That Illinois, locked up among the lakes and the mountains, was to be his home, and the field of his labor, and the boundary of his trade? No; he read the history of this people, since 1801, and saw them pour out their wealth by millions at the feet of the French Emperor, to buy access to the ocean, and believed that we owned it. When Massachusetts and New Hampshire sent out their farmers by thousands to Illinois and Iowa, they went with the expectation, under the pledge, that they should have a highway to the ocean on the surface of the Mississippi. The fulfilment of that pledge New England owes to her sons to-day; and Illinois may well rise up and say, "When you sold me this land from the Land Office at Washington, you sold it with the mouth of the Mississippi as a part of the bargain; and Louisiana has no right, for any cause that she can show, to take it from me. If she can show that we have violated the Declaration of Independence, if she can show that we have failed to secure her the ends of government, liberty and happiness, she has a right to secede. Without it, the mouth of the Mississippi belongs to Illinois."

I use that illustration to show that we are one, as a nation. That being taken for granted at the outset, which civilization is to govern? The best. For thirty years, the North flung down the gauntlet of the printing-press, and said, "I will prove that mine is the best." The South took the Constitution of the United States, securing a free press, and took the risk. She said, "There is my slavery. I believe it will abide discussion. I am willing to put it into the cauldron." And Massachusetts put in her land and property, and we made a "hodge-podge," as the English landlord says, a general mess, a bowl of punch [laughter], of all the institutions of the nation, and we said, "There is the free press on the top, and the one that cannot bear it, goes to the bottom" [applause]. For two generations, the experiment went on, and when Lincoln went to Washington, South Carolina saw the handwriting on the wall—the handwriting as of old—that the free press had conquered, and slavery was sinking, like a dead body, to the bottom; and she said, practically, "I know I made the bargain, but I cannot abide it. I know I agreed to put myself into the general partnership, and now comes the demand for my submission to the great laws of human progress—I cannot stand it." So she loaded her guns, and turned them, shotted to the lips, against the Federal government, and said, "There is a fortification behind the printing press—it is the Minnie rifle." "Grant it," said the North; "now we will try that [applause]. I offered you the nineteenth century, with books; you chose to go back to the fifteenth, with armies; grant it!" She flung down the gauntlet; the North raised it, and has flung it back into the Gulf [applause]. Beaten in both ways, conquered on both issues, our civilization triumphant in brains, and still more emphatically triumphant in bullets [applause], the question now comes up—which shall rule this one and indivisible country? The South said, "I load my cannon, in order that I may annihilate Massachusetts." "I accept it," said the Bay State; and her cannon being the largest and the strongest, she annihilates the South instead [renewed applause]. That is the argument. We should have gone to the wall had she beaten. One nation!—she goes to the wall when we beat. That is common sense; that is policy.

Now, what do I mean when I say, she goes to the wall? I mean this. To-day, some of you have read in *The Tribune* the letter I referred to yesterday, from a merchant of Missouri to a mercantile correspondent in Boston. A merchant; not an abolition lecturer, not a fanatic, but a man coolly sitting down to his desk and taking out a thousand dollars to send to his friend, as part payment of a debt, and adding these ideas, more valuable than the money. His precedents were, that he voted the Bell-Everett ticket. He is not to be suspected of fanaticism! [Great merriment.] As his great candidate never had a hot drop of blood in his body, this man probably never had one in his. More than that, you know it is said, that in letter-writing, a man has forty sides, and he shows one side to each correspondent. This man is writing to a Bell-Everett voter, and he showed, therefore, his icy side in that direction. What does he say? The letter is written from the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. He says:

——, MISSOURI, March 4, 1862.

GEORGE C. RICHARDSON, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I send you $1,000. I regret it is not more. I will send you more in a short time. Our Union army is progressing finely, and to outsiders it appears that the rebellion is crushed out in Missouri, but it is far from it. Two of my good Union friends were shot dead in the country—one about six, and the other twelve miles from here—for being outspoken Union men; and three more were shot dead, and three badly wounded, two days ago, on our Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. Private assassination will, I fear, be the order of the day. About three weeks ago, a secessionist came into my store, and attempted to assassinate one of my clerks in the middle of the afternoon, and then got on his horse and rode off; and we have never yet been able to arrest him. The poor fellow, the clerk, has been lying at my house perfectly prostrate. His name is Wm. R. Loop, a very correct, intelligent, loyal man. His brother is Cashier of the Wyoming Bank, Pennsylvania. His only crime was outspoken Union sentiments.

I mention these things to show you how completely slavery and secession have barbarized and destroyed society in the slave States; and my opinion, after twenty-five years of personal observation and close contact with it, is that now is the time to put the great disturbing element in such a position that we are satisfied it is in a way of *extinction*, and that *beyond all possible doubt*. If we go back to the old status in regard to slavery, and revive the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law, up rise the old slave-traders, slave-breeders, and *slave bullies*, at every election precinct in every slave State, and slave bullies in Congress and everywhere. You can never compromise with slavery. It will rule and destroy you, or you must destroy it (applause).

I know your conservative, charitable, and generous sentiments toward your slave-breeding countrymen; but they are terribly in earnest in their endeavors to divide and destroy this great Republic, or make us one great slave-trading, slave-breeding, slave-catching, and slave-extending people, and this cannot be entertained by the descendants of the Puritans, nor by any great and just people. Now is the time to lay the foundation for the unity of the great Republic.

I am informed by my ultra secession acquaintances that the Southern commissioners in France and England have been peddling or hawking around to those governments the proposition to gradually abolish slavery, if they will acknowledge their independence and assist them. All slaves now alive, to be slaves for life, and all born after the treaty, to be freed when 21 years of age; and free trade for 50 years with the South.

Let us force them to that proposition with us, or if they still rebel, declare universal emancipation. Your Senator Sumner is fully ten years ahead of his countrymen, but he on *this question is all right* (loud applause). I am afraid I have bored you with what you may call an Abolition letter, but I have had a dear honorable friend shot dead in presence of his wife and three children, for no other crime than that he was a straight outspoken Union man, and my clerk has been near death's door, and we go armed with pistols, and with a good disposition to use them, and I have seen a handsome competency vanish quickly before this secession crime. We dare not go out in the country yet, but hope to soon.

Mr. Jefferson Davis has two hundred thousand men in arms to-day. I do not believe he ever had over three hundred thousand. Great is brag, and they have bragged three hundred thousand into six, and wooden guns into iron ones. He has got two hundred thousand in arms to-day, and there is a strong probability that he will fight desperately somewhere, before he allows that army to disband. Before this body retreats into Mexico—before, like his great father in the Gospel, he goes "violently down a steep place into the sea" [loud laughter and applause]—he will fight a great battle somewhere. Let me grant you that, after the summer is over, after the yellow fever and typhus are quieted, we crush that army out, scatter it, demoralize it, conquer it—where is it to go? What will become of its materials? What brought it together? Hatred of us. Will being beaten make them love us? Is that the way to make men love you? Can you whip a man into loving you? You whip him into a bitterer hate. Where will that army go? Into a state of society more cruel than war—whose characteristics are private assassination, burning, stabbing, shooting, poisoning. The consequence is, we have got not only an army to conquer that, being beaten, will not own it, but we have got a state of mind to annihilate. You know Napoleon said, the difficulty with the German armies was, they didn't know when they were beaten. We have got a worse trouble than that. The South not only will not believe itself beaten, but the materials that make up its army will not retire back to peaceful pursuits. Where are they going to retire? They don't know how to do anything. You might think they would go back to trade. They don't know how to trade; they never did anything. You might think they would go back to their professions. They never had any. You might think they would go back to the mechanic arts. They don't know how to open a jacknife [great merriment]. There is nothing for them to go to, unless we send them half a million of emancipated blacks, to teach them how to plant cotton. There is nothing for them to go to. Why, to the North, war is a terrible evil. It takes the lawyer, the merchant, the mechanic, from his industrious, improving, inspiring occupation, and lets him down into the demoralization of a camp; but to the South, war is a gain. The young man, melted in sensuality, whose face was never lighted up by a purpose since his mother looked into his cradle—the mere wreck of what should have been a man—with neither ideas, nor inspirations, nor aspirations, was lifted by the war to a higher level. Did you ever look into the beautiful faces of those Roman young men, whose ideas were bounded by coffee and the opera?—beautiful, because human still? Well, that was the South. Over those wrecks of manhood, breathed the bugle-note of woman and politics, calling upon them to rally and fight for an idea—Southern independence. It lifted them, for the moment, into something that looked like civilization; it lifted them into something that was a real life; and war to them is a gain. They go out of it, and they sink down a hundred degrees in the scale of civilization. They go back to bar-rooms, to corner-groceries, to chopping straw, and calling it politics [laughter.]

Now, that South, angry, embittered, having arms in its hands, what is it going to do? Shoot, burn, poison, vent its rage on every side. The letter I have read shows but the first drops of the shower—the first pattering drops of the flood of barbarism that is to sweep over those Southern States, unless our armies hold them. When England conquered the Highlands, she held them, and held them until she could educate them, and it took a generation. That is just what we have got to do with the South; annihilate the old South, and put a new one there. Some men say, begin it by exporting the blacks. If you do, you export the very fulcrum of the lever; you export the very best material to begin with. My friend [MR. TILTON] said something about the Alleghanies moving toward the ocean as the symbol of colonization. Let me change it. The nation that should shovel down the Alleghanies, and then build them up again, would be a wise nation compared with the one that should export four million of blacks and then import four million of Chinese to take their places. To dig a hole and then fill it up again, to build a wall for the purpose of beating out your brains against it, would be Shaksperian wisdom compared with such an undertaking. I want the blacks, as the very basis of the effort to regenerate the South. They know every inlet, the pathway of every wood, the whole country is a map at night to their instinct. When Burnside unfurled the stars and stripes in sight of Roanoke, he saw a little canoe paddling off to him, which held a single black man; and in that contraband hand victory was brought to the United States of America, led by Burnside. He came to the Rhode Island General and said: "This is deep water and that is shoal; this is swamp, that is firm land, and that is wood; there are four thousand men there, and one thousand there; a cannon here, a redoubt there." The whole country was mapped out, as an engineer could not have done it in a month, in the memory of that man. And Burnside was loyal to humanity, and believed him [applause]. Disloyal to the Northern pulpit, disloyal to the prejudice of race, he was loyal to the instincts of our common nature, knew that man would tell him the truth, and obeyed him. The soldiers forded where the negro bade them, the vessels anchored in the deep water he pointed out, and that victory was planned, if there was any strategy about it, in the brain of that contraband [applause]; and to-day he stands at the right hand of Burnside, clad in uniform long before Hunter armed a negro, with the pledge of the General that, as long as he lives and has anything to eat, the man that gave him Roanoke shall have half a loaf [enthusiastic applause]. Do you suppose, that if I could multiply that instance by four million, the American people can afford to give up such assistance? Of course not. We want to take military possession of the territory; we want to work out the great problem of unfolding a nation's life. We want the four million of blacks—a people instinctively on our side. You never can mistake them. It used to be said, in old anti-slavery times, that if a fugitive negro saw a Quaker coat, his heart beat easy—he knew he was safe. I think the stars and stripes can float lazily down and kiss the standard, all over the South, when a black face is in sight. I want it there, therefore.

I am not speaking for the negro; I am not asking for his rights; I am asking for the use of him. I want him for the future. We have got to make over the State of South Carolina, and we have not got a white man in it. Did you observe that significant telegram of McClellan from Yorktown—and it was only the repetition of a dozen telegrams that preceded it—"To the Secretary of War: Sir, we have taken Yorktown; only one single white man in it." He does not think it necessary to say there were some thousands of negroes. Of course there were. They stayed where liberty was coming, and ideas, and civilization, and men who worked with their hands and their brains, as they did. They recognized in the Yankee a brother mechanic [laughter and applause]. They said: "Here are men who don't know how to do anything but eat, and they are going. The people who are coming are men who know how to manufacture, to create, and we, the creators of the South, stand to welcome the creators of the North" [applause]. But that one poor solitary white man, who always remains [laughter]—just like

"The last rose of summer
Left blooming alone"

[great merriment]—

he is only suggestive of the other race, that never flies.

Well, I believe in Saxton. I think that when he gets on the soil of South Carolina, with Hunter for his right hand, we shall hear good news; but I do not believe [and here, perhaps, you will not agree with me] in our Generals. I do not believe we shall do much until we get rid of several of them. Not but that they are very good Generals, for aught I know. I obey *The Herald*, and *The Express*, and *The Observer*, who say that peaceable men are not to criticise military manœuvres. I do not know anything about fortifications, and Gen. Scott says that McClellan does understand them, and I wish we had found out that that is what he does understand (laughter). But that is what the old General says. I have no doubt he does understand them, and I am happy that he does; but that is not the question. The question is, whether he has yet travelled up, in the course of his education, to the conviction that this is not a political squabble, but a war. In political squabbles, we do not hurt anybody; we turn them out of office. In war, we kill them. There is the difference. Now, whether Jefferson Davis is in office or not does not matter, if another man, like him, is to hold it. Put the South back just where she was before the rebellion, as Mr. Joel Parker recommends, in *The North American Review*, who shall we have in Congress? We shall not have Toombs and Davis, but "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet" [laughter]. We shall have just such men. Like causes will produce like effects. The same spirit will send the same men. I want different men. I want a North wind. I want the waves setting North; therefore, I want a North wind. I do not want that class of men, but a different class. We have tried that class of men by logic and by battle, and they have failed in both. I claim the right of having the Northern idea represented all over the Union. The South, for sixty years, beat us at the ballot-box. She had all the Presidents, all the ambassadors, two-thirds of the Judges, and all the fat offices. Grant it! She beat *us*, and there was an end of it. If we could not beat her, the majority rule, and we allowed it. Now, the tables are turned; the government *is* on our side; and I am perfectly willing to say now—what the government will say in three years, or fifteen—that there ought never to be a government in South Carolina until it is the result of free institutions and the expression of them [applause]. Never until that time can there be a Union; never until that time can there be one nation. I want to impress that idea upon your minds, because I would like to carry you back to revolutionary times. Webster said our fathers went to war for a preamble. They did not wait for the government to be annihilated, for great rights to be jeoparded. Well, we have not yet got their idea. The North is very much excited by the news of the barbarities at Mannassas—that is not principle. The Senate is discussing whether they will confiscate, as a method of punishment; you hear nothing of the negro—nothing of righteousness—nothing of right and wrong—nothing of the security for the future that we are to take. Men say, "If it is a military necessity, in order to conquer Carolina, take her blacks." I say, if it is a civil necessity, in order to keep her quiet for thirty years, take her blacks" [applause]. The men who have been making money for thirty years, and lost it within a year—do they want to go on for another thirty years, build up another fortune, and then have, as Mr. Tilton says, another earthquake? No; we will destroy that system, in order to build upon the granite of absolute security. That is the motive. In order that it may be done, see to it that you urge the government forward. I wish to take back what I said of Secretary Welles some time ago, that he was not wise and quick in the matter of the Monitor. I did him injustice, and I am glad to say, that I think the Secretary of the Navy deserves to stand next to the Secretary of War [applause]. I believe he has never done an act that acknowledged slavery since he has been in office, and every voice that has been heard from the Navy Department has been one that indicated a thorough fathoming of the nature of our institutions. More than that; it is certainly due to the navy to say, that wherever it has shown itself in any battle, it has done its duty; and in almost every great battle we have owed one half of our success to the Navy. Now, I cannot go behind these facts to criticise individuals; I do not know where the merit rests. All I say is, that the Navy has got its heart, its prow, turned in the right direction, and I am willing to believe, that while Connecticut gives us a Secretary, we have got our Monitor, with a steel prow, and that she will beat back the Merrimac, if she does not sink her, wherever she meets her. I mean to say, that I think the navy will supply itself with sufficient material, and be led by energetic orders from head-quarters, and will do its duty. I wished to say so much, because, once or twice, I have done injustice to Mr. Secretary Welles.

But it is not in the Cabinet, it is in public opinion that we are to find the strength of our cause this summer. We may have a lull this June. In the winter months, in Kentucky and Virginia, we lost 2,300 soldiers a month from disease—more than two regiments. Out of 600,000 men, in a time of absolute peace, we may say—no battles being fought—in the cool middle belt of the country, in winter, we have buried 2,300 men a month. How many shall we bury when, advancing southward, in summer time, those 600,000 men meet nothing but the climate? Six thousand—eight thousand—ten thousand. We are approaching that summer; and it is this that sends bitterness to Western and Northern homes. Taxes, descending on Northern business and trade, will move self-interest to cure this evil as rapidly as possible. Political intriguers will endeavor to settle it anyhow; will be willing that Johnson, in Tennesse, shall get peace, no matter how; that the President shall exercise his military power. We cannot avert it; we ought not to avert it. We ought to claim, in behalf of the negro, and in behalf of the nation, as a great matter of future security, that the President shall exercise his

(*Continued on second page, sixth column.*)